



P. NEWBY



P. NEWBY

POEMS,

BY

PETER NEWBY.

IN

TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING

ODES, CONTEMPLATIONS, ELEGIES, EPISTLES,

AND

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

SILVESTREM TENUI MUSAM MODULABOR AVENA.

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AND

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1790.



PREFACE.

AS it is usual to usher a new work into the world with a preface, the author of the following poems feels himself under a necessity of complying with the custom. Many of his friends have indeed advised him to write none, or a very short one; to this it is his intention to submit, as in reality he has little to say on the subject.—To offer any thing in commendation of the work, would be disgusting; to criticise it, would be justly imputed to false humility.

In his advertisements he told the public he was no candidate for applause, that his motive was to please and reap some profit, and that his pieces were all written on a moral plan.—Under these circumstances he gives them, with some little confidence, to his generous patrons; to whose hearts he is assured he forcibly appeals, when he informs them that many of the poems were written to alleviate disappointments, or to encounter domestic misfortunes: He relies also with more hopes on a candid reception, as this, in all probability, will be the last time of his intruding on the public as an author.

He cannot take leave of his kind subscribers, without presenting his most respectful and truly grateful thanks to them, begging they will consider this public return as if paid personally to every individual. With many wishes for their happiness and prosperity, he has the honour to subscribe himself, most sincerely and (may he presume to add) most affectionately,

Their much obliged

and

most faithful humble servant.

HAIGHTON,
AUGUST, 1790.

The first of these is the fact that the
 world is a very different place from
 what it was a few years ago. The
 changes are so rapid and so great
 that it is almost impossible to
 keep up with them. The second
 is the fact that the world is
 becoming more and more
 united. The third is the fact
 that the world is becoming more
 and more civilized. The fourth
 is the fact that the world is
 becoming more and more
 peaceful. The fifth is the fact
 that the world is becoming more
 and more prosperous. The sixth
 is the fact that the world is
 becoming more and more
 happy. The seventh is the fact
 that the world is becoming more
 and more beautiful. The eighth
 is the fact that the world is
 becoming more and more
 interesting. The ninth is the fact
 that the world is becoming more
 and more exciting. The tenth
 is the fact that the world is
 becoming more and more
 wonderful.

INDEX.

VOLUME I.

ODES.

	PAGE
To SIMPLICITY,	1
MORNING,	6
SOLITUDE,	10
AMBITION,	15
DISTRESS,	19
FRIENDSHIP,	23
SENSIBILITY,	28
RESIGNATION,	32
EMULATION,	38
HORNCOP HALL,	42
HIS PENSIVE MUSE,	54
GRATITUDE	59
CONTENTMENT,	62
ODE upon ODES,	67

ADDITIONAL ODES.

To MELANCHOLY,	81
INDOLENCE,	87
RELIGIOUS LIBERTY,	91

PROSPECTIVE CONTEMPLATIONS.

MORNING,	97
EVENING,	103
NIGHT,	107
The CHURCH YARD,	113
The SEA,	119

ELEGIES.

	PAGE
<i>WINTER,</i>	129
<i>POVERTY,</i>	135
<i>The STORMY NIGHT,</i>	140
<i>To the MEMORY of Mrs. NEWBY,</i>	147
<i>To the MEMORY of Mrs. E. H.</i>	153
<i>The DEATH of COLONEL WEBSTER,</i>	159
<i>The FUNERAL of GENERAL FRAZER,</i>	166

EPISTLES.

<i>To his much-respected Uncle, Mr. JOHN CARTER,</i>	175
<i>To Mr. J——C——R,</i>	181
<i>To the same,</i>	188
<i>To Captain D——F——H,</i>	197
<i>To Mrs. F——H,</i>	205
<i>To Miss S——R,</i>	211

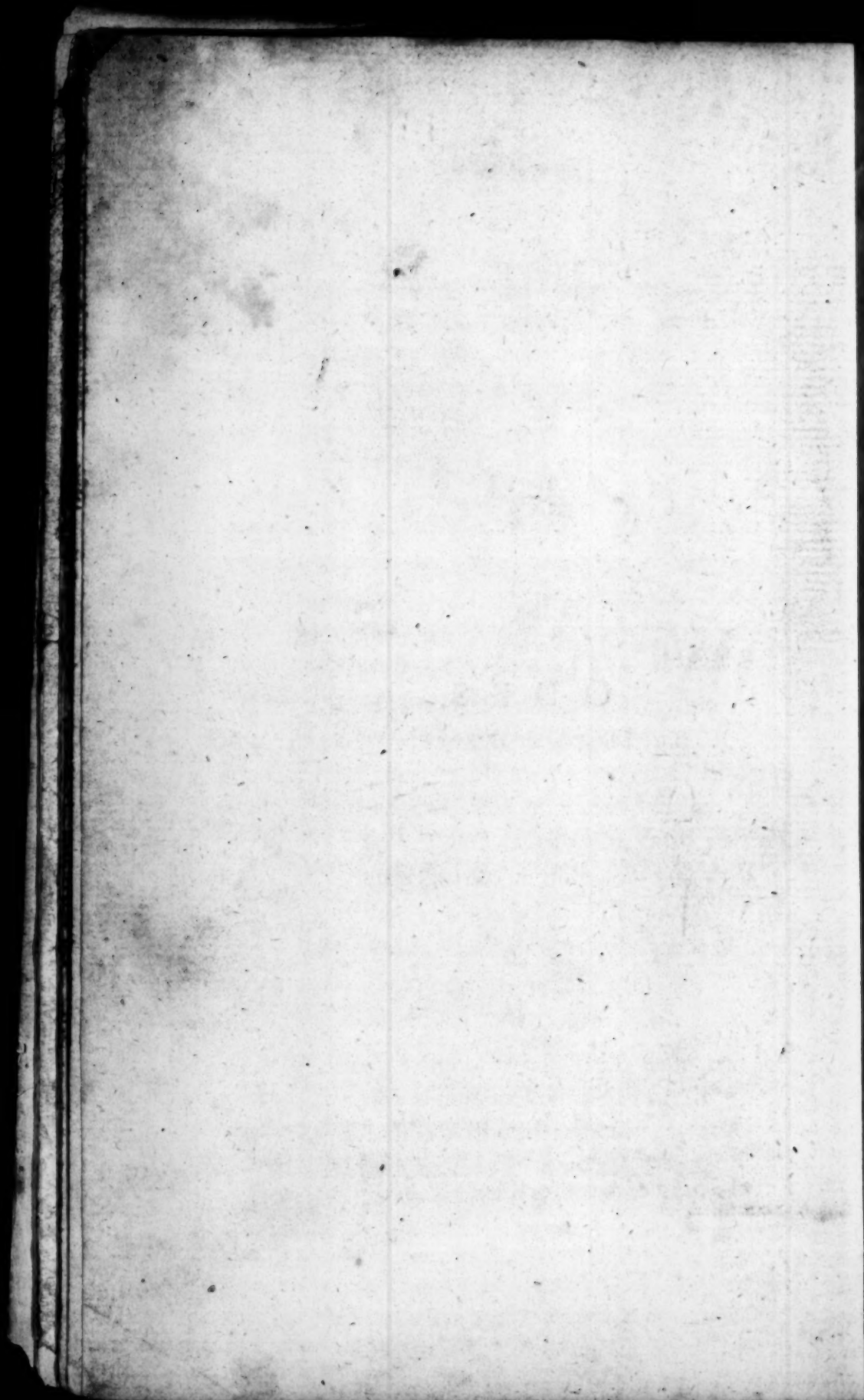
MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

<i>ADDRESS to the MUSES,</i>	223
<i>The HUNTED DEER,</i>	228
<i>EPILOGUE in the Character of a JOCKEY,</i>	236
<i>The ENGLISH FARMER,</i>	240
<i>GIBRALTER,</i>	247
<i>The STAR of SWEET HOPE,</i>	250
<i>The POOR MAN's PRAYER,</i>	252

VOLUME II.

<i>SEDUCTION, A Tragedy,</i>	1
<i>The SHEPHERD of CORNWALL, A Dramatic Poem,</i>	113
<i>The FORCE of FRIENDSHIP, A Dramatic TALE,</i>	181

ODES.



O D E I.

TO

S I M P L I C I T Y.

I

WHEN first I tun'd my rustic reed,
And for the Muses' favors su'd,
From vain ambition's trammels freed,
Thee, sweet SIMPLICITY, I woo'd.
Nor did I woo thy artless aid in vain :
On me, obscure, thou hast attended long ;
To thee I owe each melancholy strain ;
With thee embellish ev'ry rural song.
Oh ! may they still be fashion'd by thy care ;
Simple and plain, as is thy native air.

II

As when the plaintive songster flies
Retir'd to some sequester'd dale,
Where, brooding o'er its vanish'd joys,
It warbles forth its mournful tale :

B

Tho'

Tho' no sweet swelling notes our stay invite,
 Nor throbs the heart with tuneful melody,
 Yet still its querulous wailing strains delight,
 We listen to its song—we feel—we sigh.
 So may I hope, by thee inspir'd, my lays
 May meet with gentle pity's soothing praise !

III

Yet think not that I court applause,
 As if, on solid right, my due :
 Too well I know the critic's laws,
 Sparing to none, and kind to few.
 Nor do I start a candidate for fame,
 Thou dear director of my rural muse !
 Ere first I deprecate severer blame,
 And friendship's warmth has pleaded an excuse.
 Not one fond hope can bring the goal in view ;
 Aim'd at by many, but attain'd by few.

IV

Among the humblest of the train,
 That seek the high Parnassian mount,
 Thou'lt surely not, with frowns, complain,
 If I'm the last to taste the fount !
 To other bards I freely give the lead,
 And, without envy, see them nobly soar,
 I covet

I covet only in their steps to tread ;
 And this obtain'd, I'll wish for nothing more.
 Great must the distance be, I, trembling, own—
 But from the prospect may I not be thrown !

V

Oh no ! for many a heart-felt stroke
 Must wound me yet : my only cure
 Is my soft-soothing muse t' invoke ;
 She brings a remedy still sure.
 To her I fly, my gloomy thoughts disperse,
 And pour my tale of woes to her chaste ear.
 Pensive she listens to my humble verse,
 And consecrates it with a hallow'd tear.
 While thou, with blushes, void of ev'ry art,
 Plead'st for the feelings of my heaving heart.

VI

Oft have I call'd thee to my aid,
 Nor nurs'd I then one bolder thought,
 And thou hast e'er that call obey'd,
 When for myself alone I wrote.
 Now, launching forth my bark, with vent'rous sail,
 Chiefly I claim thy kind, directing care,
 To guide it safely through each boist'rous gale,
 And placidly through critic storms to steer.
 Oh, may it weather each assailing gust !
 And 'tis in thee alone I place my trust.

VII

Then come, thou partner of my choice,
 And whisper comfort to my ear :
 Pleasing will ever be thy voice,
 Thy sacred precepts ever dear.
 And hark ! methinks, borne by some pleasing breeze,
 Thy sweet instructions speak within my breast,
 Eager the captivating sounds I seize,
 They give my anxious trembling hopes some rest.
 Then speak—my silent, pensive thoughts, attend,
 And listen to the counsels of my friend.

VIII

“ Whene’er thou tun’st thy humble lyre,
 “ Aim not above thy powers to rise ;
 “ Woo not thy muse great thoughts t’ inspire,
 “ Nor strive to dazzle or surprise.
 “ Let rural themes or plaintive strains invite
 “ Thy friendly pen to banish keener thought.
 “ In biting satire never take delight,
 “ Satire, with ranc’rous malice chiefly fraught.
 “ If thou art injur’d, make no mean return,
 “ But every grov’ling with indignant spurn.

IX

“ Let virtue be thy constant guide,
 “ And still support her sacred cause ;
 “ In

- " In that be fix'd thy greatest pride,
 " There seek to gain thy best applause.
 " Let not one line the modest ear offend,
 " Nor write what thou would'st wish to be eras'd;
 " Express thy gratitude to ev'ry friend,
 " And rather strive to be belov'd, than prais'd.
 " Thy talents never boast, nor hunt for fame,
 " But eagerly pursue an honest name.

X

- " If this may prove to be thy share,
 " Within thy breast if it reside,
 " Thy venial faults the world will spare,
 " Nay, hail thee virtue's humble guide.
 " Let these my precepts ever be in view,
 " Nor fondly grasp at what thou canst not gain;
 " The humble track of rural life pursue,
 " And never of a kind reproof complain.
 " Thus may'st thou hope the critic to appease,
 " And (as thou e'er hast wish'd) thy friend to please."

Written in MAY, 1787.

O D E II.

M O R N I N G.

I

DARKNESS away : Aurora dawns,
 She streaks the east with cheering light;
 The dew-drops sparkle o'er the lawns,
 And captivate the sight.

How sweetly fragrant is creation seen !
 Crested with blue the distant hills arise ;
 While various hues of yellow-tinted green,
 Responsive beam the beauties of the skies ;
 And all the vocal wood-wild warblers join,
 To hymn their praises to one Power divine.

II

How break around the vermil beams
 From Sol's majestic orb that dart,
 Which, ere he comes, in milder streams
 His generous glow impart.
 High o'er his head bright purple clouds extend
 Rich canopies, and catch his golden rays,
 Which,

Which, hanging on their skirts, new lustre lend,
 And all the east glows with a solemn blaze,
 Impatient to behold Creation's Eye,
 Mounting aloft, and ruling in the sky.

III

And lo ! he comes !—The hills recline,
 The vallies rise, and meet the God ;
 Triumphant all his glories shine,
 The world obeys his nod.
 All nature, rous'd from time-destroying sleep,
 To life returns, and riots in the day :
 The tender shrub's no longer seen to weep,
 And man, beasts, birds, are cheerful, brisk and gay.
 E'en misery is lessen'd at the sight,
 And owns the influence of reviving light.

IV

How great ! how glorious is the scene !
 'Tis past description ! nobly grand !
 Majestic, beauteous, and serene,
 Form'd by th' Almighty's hand.
 He fix'd the limits of the bright career ;
 He pencil'd out the harmony divine ;
 He bade revolving seasons rule the year,
 Rolling along in one encircling line.
 By his commands now storms and whirlwinds fly,
 Now zephyrs blow, and sun-beams glad the eye.

V

Where'er our gazing looks are cast,
 What wond'rous landscapes meet the eye!
 Each rising brighter than the last,
 Cloth'd with variety!
 Whether we catch the distant turret's height,
 Nobly ascending through the nut-brown trees;
 Or some low cottage captivates the sight;
 Or waters gently curling with the breeze;
 Still new sensations through our bosoms dart,
 And nature's wonders press upon the heart.

VI

Whether we view the branching deer
 Swiftly rebounding o'er the mead;
 Or the mild sheep, senseless of fear,
 Climbing the cliff's high head:
 Whether some gentle river's murm'ring fall
 Strikes on our ears, embrown'd with aged woods;
 Or, in some pleasant, wild, romantic vale,
 A winding current flows in stronger floods;
 Still the grand views of nature are compleat,
 And every change is beautiful and great.

VII

These are thy works, author of light;
 This sweet variety thy plan,

Form'd

Form'd for the rapturous delight
 Of thine image—Man!
 Shall then the good and virtuous heart refrain,
 When contemplation blazons ev'ry view,
 When it beholds thy mild, benignant reign,
 To pay the homage to thy goodness due?
 No, Virtue cries, " Thy Godhead we'll obey,
 Each night we'll praise thee, and adore each day."

Written in 1773.

O D E III.

T O

S O L I T U D E.

I

WHILE thousands seek for mirth and sport,
 And after pleasure range;
 Whilst anxious place-men croud the court,
 And fear some sudden change;
 While giddy mortals wish, in vain,
 To join in ev'ry laughing train;
 To thy sequester'd, lone retreat,
 Where happiness is e'er compleat,
 My eager wishes hie;
 To seek thy woodbine-woven screen,
 Where calm content is often seen,
 Dear SOLITUDE, I fly.

II

No charms to me can grandeur bring,
 An humble, friendless swain,
 Resign'd in poverty to sing,
 Resign'd, if free from pain.

With

[II]

With thee thy votary e'er shall chuse
 Beneath the aged oaks to muse,
 Who, wide, their friendly arms extend,
 From scorching sun-beams to defend
 My solitary way ;
 Or, length'ning far the ev'ning shade,
 Romantic make each curving glade,
 To close the waning day.

III

Or let me sit, in pensive thought,
 Near a slow, creeping stream,
 My mind, with resignation fraught,
 Wrapt in some solemn theme.
 Then as its gliding course I see,
 Secreted from the world with thee,
 Let me reflect; thus pass my days,
 And to my God my homage raise,
 With fervency and zeal;
 Its murmurs, as it flows along,
 And babbles to my plaintive song,
 My list'ning heart shall feel.

IV

But hark! yon distant awful knell!
 How hangs its pond'rous sound!
 Ah! mortals, 'tis this truth to tell,
 The sun has gone his round.

Another day in time is o'er,
 Is gone—and to return no more.
 Say, heard ye not the evening toll;
 It vibrates still within my soul,
 And leaves a sacred fear:
 Here undisturb'd, where all's serene,
 Where mirth and riot ne'er are seen,
 Frequent it strikes my ear.

V

Yet let not gloomier thoughts invade
 My heart, too oft depress'd,
 E'en virtuous pleasures quickly fade,
 And leave our souls distress'd.
 Let not the fiend, despair, be found
 Lurking along thy sacred ground:
 But, while I kneel before thy shrine,
 Let one attendant still be mine,
 For patience I must sue.
 She'll soften her's, from thy mild eye,
 She'll smoothe my hapless destiny,
 And keep one hope in view.

VI

Tho' night-like stillness reign around,
 Tho' 'tis deep silence all,
 Where'er thou'rt trac'd, where'er thou'rt found,
 Thou'lt still obey my call.

Say,

Say, dost thou bid me to despair,
Or wish to damp my soul with fear?
Ah no! beneath thy shade I'll smile,
I'll know no haggard mental toil,

My feelings to distress :
Some book will still afford its page,
To lead me right, direct my age,
And make misfortunes less.

VII

Attend me still, my paths direct,
And, if I wish to stray,
Beat on my heart, I'll not neglect
Thy summons to obey.
Beneath the trees, along the bourn,
Or gloomiest caves, I ne'er will spurn
Thy modest counsels, but still bend
To thee, thou tranquil, homely friend.

Each whisp'ring breeze,
That mildly skims the curling stream,
My wand'ring heart shall ever tame,
And on my feelings seize.

VIII

These are thy charms, to me compleat,
Exalted, pure, refin'd :
Long have I courted thy retreat,
Congenial to my mind.

With

With thee, for ever, may I stray,
 Thy favorite in the flow'ry way ;
 With thee indulge each searching thought !
 By thee instructed, by thee taught,
 May I all pride detest !
 Throughout my life, may my whole plan
 Be to be found an Honest Man !
 To Heaven I leave the rest,

Written in 1785.

O D E IV.

A M B I T I O N.

I

DECEITFUL fury, of attractive mien,
 Who ridest on a golden-border'd cloud,
 O'er high-aspiring souls thou reign'st the queen,
 Millions of votaries around thee croud.

I, born for humble, peaceful life,
 Have e'er disdain'd to bend my knee,
 A haggard slave, to sue to thee,
 Attended with the giant—STRIFE.

Yes. Never yet hast thou possess'd my soul,
 Nor ever will I yield to thy control.

II

What, tho' thy right hand hold the mirror bright,
 Reflecting ev'ry object full in view,
 Tempting thy creatures with the dazzling sight,
 And blandishing each sense with something new;
 Still

Still ev'ry prospect is deceit ;
 And o'er the surface of the glass,
 Ideal glories quickly pass,
 And throw to man a gilded bait :
 His eagerness e'en reason cannot brook,
 His folly seizes on the fatal hook.

III

Thus, lost to reason, he's become thy slave ;
 And still to bind him faster to thy laws,
 Surrounding shadowy fumes their banners wave,
 And haste to swell their trumpets with applause.
 Humanity is laid aside,
 The ties of social love forgot,
 (They're nurs'd within the lonely cot)
 And he's become the prey of pride.
 Thus dup'd, the tow'ring craggy height he tries,
 And ev'ry obstacle before him flies.

IV

He seeks the camp : The horrors of the field
 Within his soul no pangs of pity raise ;
 Which, if he's worsted, is with vengeance steel'd,
 And if victorious, is elate with praise.
 The vulgar round unnotic'd lie,
 Bleeding, perhaps, at every pore,
 He treads among the human gore,
 Nor heaves his breast one pitying sigh.

Mad-

Madman, withdraw from this too mournful scene,
Nor triumph o'er thy fellow-creatures slain !

V

Think'st thou AMBITION can thy cause support ?

Think'st thou she'll lead thee to a nobler end ?

Her flattering countenance she'll soon distort,

And let thee know she never was thy friend.

Thou'lt soon her pow'r unmask'd behold ;

She cannot shield thee from disgrace :

Unerring justice takes her place,

Spurning the weight of pow'r or gold.

The blood-stain'd laurel from thy brow she tears,

And in its stead a rack on conscience rears.

VI

Desist then, mortals, from the curs'd pursuit,

And to some nobler views direct each plan ;

Of virtue only wish to reap the fruit,

The noblest work of God's a Virtuous Man.

Leave to the Nabobs of the East,

Th' insatiate thirst of purple war ;

Let them ascend its pompous car,

And o'er their slaughter'd kindred feast :

But let the tenets of religion curb

Those haughty views, that all mankind disturb.

VII

Hence, miscreant, wing thy dreary, rapid flight ;

In more luxurious climes fix thy domain ;

There arm each pow'r with thy relentless might,

And in the smoke of slaughter fix thy reign.

There may thy haughtiness of state,

With ev'ry horror in thy train,

Ting'd with the blood of victims slain,

Fall far beneath the good man's hate !

And may thy thirst of wealth and madd'ning fame,

Shrink in dishonour, and be crush'd with shame !

Written in 1786.

ODE

O D E V.

D I S T R E S S.

I

HOW sweetly glide our years along
 When with high spirits youth is blest,
 And pleasures on its call attend;
 When list'ning to the syren-song
 Of flatt'ring praise, by nought distress'd,
 We fondly think mankind our friend,
 And, careless of the future day of pain,
 We look on poorer mortals with disdain.

II

In quest of pleasure's gaudy train
 Awhile we rove from joys to joys,
 Free from restraints, as is the wind;
 But ah! uncertain is our reign,
 For soon we see the glittering toys
 Vanish, nor leave a wreck behind.
 The sprightly hours of giddy life are o'er,
 And the gay thoughts of youth return no more.

III

Thrice happy they who can retire
 From dissipation's fated round,
 With competence and heart resign'd!
 Who leave to others to admire
 The follies left, their empty sound;
 To tread the path by Heav'n design'd!
 Thrice happy they, nor envy be their lot,
 Their faults are all forsaken and forgot.

IV

But ah ! how few from pleasure's lure
 Their own devoted victims fly,
 And quit the rosy-cover'd scene !
 Of mortals most are born t' endure
 The deep, involuntary sigh,
 Of pleasures past, and present pain.
 The cloudy days of misery come on,
 And by ourselves we're frequently undone.

V

A retrospective view we take,
 Count ev'ry hour we have mis-spent,
 And paint it on our anxious brows :
 No dawning comforts sweetly break ;
 No aid, by flatt'ring hope, is lent,
 Nor does one thought our cause espouse.
 Despondency alone our bosom swells,
 With us alone drear melancholy dwells.

VI

The smiles of friends now smile no more,
 For us their hearts no longer beat,
 And when they meet us we're unknown,
 Their help we timidly implore ;
 Their former warmth was all deceit,
 And from their mem'ry we are thrown.
 Despis'd be he ! whose soul disdains t' extend
 Its former pity to its former friend !

VII

How many, in youth's vig'rous prime,
 When joys and plenty smil'd around,
 And ev'ry hour of life was gay,
 Might have foreseen that wint'ry time,
 When not one real friend is found
 To brighten up a gloomy day ?
 Be ye, who can be, with the world content ;
 I often build on hopes, and oft repent.

VIII

The structure, on the out-side fine,
 Attracts, I own, our eager sight,
 And pleases for the present hour :
 But soon we lose the grand design,
 'Tis soon o'ershadow'd with the night
 Of disappointment. Round us lour
 The chill approaches of deserted age,
 That from mankind no notice will engage. IX

IX

This is my lot. Then let it come,
 But let me meet it calm, resign'd,
 Nor murmur at my helpless fate :
 Of worthier men it is the doom,
 Many of whom I soon could find,
 Of past repute, and present date.
 But heav'n be prais'd ! and be my thoughts content !
 No splendid fortune have I ever spent !

X

Let me, thro' ev'ry trying change
 Of griefs, still pouring on my breast,
 And slights unmerited, be taught
 To a more noble view to range,
 To hope for lasting, happy rest,
 In heaven, and there to fix my thought !
 DISTRESS, oh ! teach me but my God t' adore,
 And I'll complain of worldly wants no more.

Written in 1786.

O D E VI.

TO

F R I E N D S H I P.

I

FRRIENDSHIP, dear soother of the mind,
 Soft less'ner of distress,
 In what blest'd climate shall we find
 Thy deep, embower'd recess?
 No path frequented leads us to thy cell,
 Where peace and happiness for ever dwell.

II

From palaces thou'rt long since fled;
 Thy smiles no court can claim;
 A phantom there has rais'd its head,
 And dares usurp thy name.
 Hypocrisy o'er all extends its reign,
 And when we look for thee, we look in vain.

III

This ODE was written in 1779, but corrected, with many additions, in 1787.

III

Once wast thou seen, in simplest weeds,
 Welcome at ev'ry door;
 To prompt the rich to gen'rous deeds,
 And smile upon the poor.
 But thy sweet sight is seldom now in view :
 The great forget—the humble dare not sue.

IV

Thy tear each mournful tale could claim,
 Thy charitable tear ;
 Nor did thy cheek e'er blush with shame
 That poverty stood near.
 With thee distinction ever was unknown,
 Enough it was to hear the wretched moan.

V

Enough it was to know that one
 Poor, hapless child of grief,
 Through dread anxieties had run,
 And ask'd thy kind relief :
 From banquets then thou and thy guests arose,
 Within your breasts to bury all his woes.

VI

How smil'd benevolence o'er all,
 How bright was ev'ry eye,

When

When kind assistance heard each call,
 When pity e'er was nigh !
 The drop of anguish scarce could dew the face,
 Ere smiling gratitude assum'd its place.

VII

But ah ! how chang'd does all appear,
 Since thou hast lost thy smile !
 With wrinkled looks desponding fear
 Increases ev'ry toil.
 For, if we droop, no real friend is near,
 To ease our sorrow, or to calm our fear.

VIII

All is a barren, dreary waste,
 Where ever we may be ;
 Where ev'ry bitter we must taste,
 Nor hope to meet with thee.
 No, there that slender twig, in vain, extends
 Its succor for the wretch, depriv'd of friends.

IX

Smooth promises thy truth supply,
 Shelter'd beneath thy name,
 And mock'ry heaves a labour'd sigh,
 Unknown from whence it came.

E

Ah !

Ah ! blush ye not, ye great ones, to deceive
Your brothers, whom you promis'd to relieve !

X

Yet tho' I look to thee in vain,
(A solemn truth I tell)
Yet let me not of these complain,
Where many virtues dwell.
Some worthier objects may, no doubt, intrude ;
And heaven forbid I ever should be rude !

XI

But come and be my welcome guest,
Nor shun me, 'cause I'm poor ;
Come warm the feelings of my breast,
And bless me, tho' obscure.
Let me, to all, my warmest wishes give,
And not for self alone, but others live.

XII

What tho' my charity ne'er flow,
As suits the liberal mind,
Yet still my heart may surely glow
With friendship to mankind.
Oh ! may my wishes add, at least, some weight
To what I do, and stamp my trifling mite !

XIII

XIII

(Unhappy ye, whom sorrows press
 From man to ask relief :
 Oh ! could I lessen your distress,
 I'd banish every grief.
 Vain fruitless thought ! little have I to spare,
 Then take whate'er I have to give—a pray'r.)

XIV

Grant me my neighbour's faults to hide,
 His virtuous worth to praise ;
 And for myself (a foe to pride)
 As humble friends to raise.
 And be my soul, whate'er may be my state,
 Attach'd to all mankind, both poor and great !

O D E VII.

S E N S I B I L I T Y.

I

WHAT mean the throbbings of my breast,
 When misery dissolves in tears ?
 When virtue is distressed,
 What means our anxious hopes and fears ?
 Why weep we at another's grief,
 As if it were our own ?
 Why do we wish to give relief ?
 Why feel the wretch's groan ?
 There's something in our souls that beats th' alarm,
 Where wishes croud, humanity to warm.

II

When some departing, valu'd friend,
 (Such as my Patron e'er has been)
 Approaches to his earthly end,
 Why do we, trembling, view the scene ?
 Why does the bosom heave a sigh,
 When innocence, oppress'd,

In

In tales fictitious meets the eye,
 And interests the breast ?
 'Tis SENSIBILITY's resistless force :
 We feel its stream, and dare not stop its course.

III

When the poor wretch, condemn'd to die,
 And thus to expiate his crime,
 Sees his last moments quickly fly,
 Why flies with us the stinted time ?
 Why do we shudder at the hour,
 That calls him from his cell ?
 Why do we blame, yet praise the pow'r,
 That strikes the solemn knell ?
 An inward feeling, which we can't express,
 Shares in a fellow-creature's dire distress.

IV

Hail ! gen'rous passion ! that diverts
 Our thoughts from ev'ry selfish view !
 Thro' thee the soul itself exerts ;
 Thro' thee soft tears our cheeks bedew.
 To thee the tender heart belongs,
 Still moulded at thy will,
 On which each sweet impression throngs,
 That feels another's ill.
 Thy gentle sway may ev'ry bosom own,
 And ever listen to the anguish'd groan !

V

Nor be asham'd, oh ! thou, whose heart
 Can melt in tears, like silly mine,
 To feel the wrankling of the dart,
 And sigh when others weep and pine.
 Let apathy, with pompous state,
 Disdain to play the child ;
 Give to the stoic his conceit,
 Be thou, thro' pity, mild :
 Nor blush to own thy sympathy in pain,
 When misery of heart is heard complain.

VI

'Tis not beneath the pride of man,
 (I mean an honest, noble pride)
 To do whatever good he can,
 And scorn misfortunes to deride.
 'Tis not beneath the highest state,
 To look, with sorrow, down
 On the distress'd, whom sterner fate
 Has blasted with a frown.
 E'en majesty itself more nobly shines,
 When aiding comforts cheer the wretch who pines.

VII

Be then thy influence spread around,
 Soft source of sentiments refin'd,

In

In British hearts be ever found ;
 Thou dwell'ft but in the gen'rous mind.
 Let pride elfewhere and fafhion fway,
 In plaufible difguife ;
 Let us thy artlefs calls obey,
 Which haughty wifdom flies.
 O may thy empire univerfal be,
 Thou firft-born child of meek-ey'd charity !

Written in 1787.

ODE

O D E VIII.

R E S I G N A T I O N.

I

WHEN cruel disappointment ranges wide,
 And withers all our opening joys ;
 When its stern blast, resistless as the tide,
 Each flattering hope of bliss destroys,
 And leaves a dreary waste without relief :
 The soul, desponding, views the ruin'd scene,
 And sees the wreck with gloomy eye ;
 With bitterness its anguish'd thoughts complain,
 Concenter'd in a piercing sigh,
 And in themselves revolving ev'ry grief.

II

Then does it dwell, in melancholy mood,
 On the sweet prospects it has rais'd :
 Then, in dread silence, does it lonely brood
 (Bewilder'd, stupid, and amaz'd)
 O'er ev'ry fond, ideal pleasure flown.

Then

Then does it call the world a friendless place,
 Fill'd with low cunning and deceit,
 Indignantly then bares the artful face,
 That smil'd, when smil'd a better fate,
 When happier days, in generous plenty, shone.

III

Then does its spirit rail at all mankind ;
 (And oft, alas ! too justly rail)
 One bitter, cruel truth, then does it find,
 That friendship's ever on the sale,
 Purchas'd, too oft, by him who bids the most.
 Then do the proud, breaking that social band
 That should unite us all as one,
 Look coolly on the wretch, with niggard hand,
 And fly him who by fate's undone,
 To seek, with artful smiles, a richer host.

IV

With folded arms he hangs his drooping head,
 While gushes forth the anguish'd tear ;
 By silent woe each heavy thought is fed,
 Nor does there stand one comfort near,
 To check his agony, or point to hope.
 To the wild, frantic victim of despair,
 Existence is no longer sweet ;

Rashly he means to fly from ev'ry care,
 And from a friendless world retreat,
 By murd'rous pistol, poison, sword, or rope.

V

Desist, rash man, nor tempt thy bounteous God,
 Nor dare to murmur at his ways,
 Nor from his awful hand to wrest the rod,
 Whose chastisement deserves thy praise,
 Who wounds with mercy, and who heals with love.
 Repress thy anguish, while to heav'n arise,
 With deep humility of heart,
 Thy patient pray'rs, thy patient tears and sighs,
 For comfort soon will it impart,
 And ev'ry impious, horrid thought, remove.

VI

And, lo! where comes its harbinger of peace,
 I know her by her gentle mien,
 By that soft, patient eye, that tranquil face,
 That countenance mild and serene,
 Where tears drop down, and intermix with smiles.
 Her looks to heav'n are turn'd, she points the way
 That leads to happiness and rest,
 List to her voice, her soothing words obey,
 And learn to be in misery blest,
 For she it is that ev'ry anguish soils.

VII

VII

Ah ! know'st thou not that messenger divine ?
 'Tis RESIGNATION——welcome guest.
 Tho' but the cypress does her brows entwine,
 Still is she welcome to my breast,
 Welcome as ever were the joys of youth.
 Tho' mellow'd sorrows hang upon her brow,
 Still on her lips the honey'd sweets
 Of soothing comfort fondly dwell, and now
 Her proffer'd aid thy troubles meets—
 She hails thee, as a friend, with sacred truth.

VIII

Whene'er she sees thy fullen, silent frown,
 Or hears thee murmur at thy fate,
 She bids thee calmly, for a while, look down
 (Forgetting both the rich and great)
 On the more wretched, ever in thy sight.
 From them a strong comparison she draws,
 And higher bids thy scale to rise ;
 Explaining then its just and tender laws,
 She proves that Providence is wise,
 Whether our destin'd path be crook'd or straight.

IX

What is our life, at best ? Its silly dream,
 Fill'd with vagaries fresh and new,

Where ev'ry man a haughty lord would seem,
 And mingle with the happy few,
 As if, of right, he claim'd his station there.
 But ever and anon he wakes to thought,
 And finds the idle bubble broke ;
 Then when, at last, he's by experience taught
 That all his hopes are fled in smoke,
 He, coward-like yields to the fiend Despair.

X

But when the wretch (if thus the patient man
 I dare presume to name) resigns
 Himself to heav'n's unknown, unerring plan,
 And gives his griefs to its designs,
 Ever submissive to its blest decrees,
 Beyond this world he stretches all his views,
 Far as his fondest hopes can reach,
 Confines his wishes, and for patience sues,
 This pleasing truth, at least, she'll teach,
 That Providence each virtuous action sees.

XI

And will that Providence, in whom we trust,
 Without reward leave one good deed ?
 No, sufferer, no—he is too kind and just,
 Who sent his Son for us to bleed,
 And watches o'er us with a father's care.

To

To him, with RESIGNATION in thy heart,
 Without one murmur intermix'd,
 For refuge fly—he'll draw the cruel dart,
 With which thy bosom is transfix'd,
 Lift'ning with smiles to ev'ry duteous pray'r.

XII

At his high throne when thy submission pleads,
 And patience wipes away the tear,
 Calm comfort then some better prospects feeds,
 And Hope is seen approaching near,
 To lead thee by the hand to peace and rest.
 As from eclipses brighter shines the sun,
 From storms the sky is more serene,
 So shall our souls, when life's dark race is run,
 Rise to a joyful, glorious scene,
 Where he, who suffer'd most, will be most blest.

O D E IX.

E M U L A T I O N.

I

AMBITION! yes, I hate thy sight,
 And from my soul thy views I spurn,
 More murky than the polar night,
 Confin'd within no stated bourn.
 Thou lead'st us on from horrid scene to scene,
 Thou robb'st us of our peace, our health & rest:
 Fair virtue in thy train is never seen,
 Her modest, placid looks, thou must detest.
 For thee I have no room within my heart,
 For 'tis not in thy pow'r one joy t' impart.

II

But come, with ev'ry thought refin'd,
 With ev'ry dignity and grace,
 With ev'ry energy of mind,
 And lustre glowing on thy face,

Bright

Bright EMULATION come, and be my guest;
 Tho' born obscure, and destin'd for a cot,
 To thee will I expand my feeling breast,
 With thee obscurity shall be forgot;
 For thou'rt an open friend to ev'ry state,
 Thou stimulat'st the poor, and spur'st the great.

III

Virtue from thee has nought to dread,
 Thy noble views are unconfin'd,
 Thro' ev'ry realm and clime they spread,
 As free and lib'ral as the wind.
 From palaces, where royal virtues shine,
 Such as adorn the king I'm proud t' obey,
 Thou seek'st the rustic's heart, as poor as mine,
 O'er which thou wishest to extend thy sway.
 Still pointing to some honourable end,
 Thy vot'ries clasp thee as their bosom friend.

IV

By various roads to honest fame,
 Thou ledest on, from view to view,
 Thy projects ne'er can blush with shame,
 Tho' in each art and science new.
 They see their rivals soar with noble pow'rs,
 And strive to stop them in their mid career,

But

But envy on their gen'rous brows ne'er low'r,
 Nor does it from their souls one anguish tear.
 When overcome, still nurs'd is each desire,
 And ev'ry latent spark is set on fire.

V

They yield the palm to merit due,
 Nor lessen they a rival's praise,
 They only wish to keep in view
 The laurel's honours and the bays.
 To bolder thoughts undauntedly they fly,
 Again with force re-doubled they engage,
 Their minds invigour'd, ev'ry effort try
 To gain the favours of the good and sage.
 Seldom they err, for when thou shew'st the way
 A lamp so glorious never leads astray.

VI

O'er youth, in chief, may'st thou preside,
 To stimulate their op'ning pow'rs ;
 Thou canst not fill their souls with pride,
 While honour guides their precious hours.
 If shame must e'er their forming hearts invade,
 If blushes e'er must pass across their cheeks,
 Oh ! be their feelings all by thee betray'd,
 Whilst each in thee a noble vengeance seeks.
 Thus wilt thou train them to deserv'd applause,
 And ev'ry parent shall support thy cause.

VII

VII

Yet let not youth alone demand
Thy patronizing aid and care,
Let all mankind lift in thy band,
And in thy virtuous triumphs share.
And if I dare to own, in rustic song,
From the retirement of my clouded days,
That I have felt thy gentle influence long,
And form'd, from thee, my plain, unpolish'd
To rival others be't not understood, (lays,
I only wish'd to emulate the good.

O D E X.

H O R N C O P H A L L.

I

dear
HAIL! clean, delightful, calm retreat,
 Of ev'ry virtue once the seat,
 Where purest merit, without pride,
 For many a year did erst reside,
 Where honesty and worth once dwelt,
 And many a heart their blessings felt,
 Drooping to thee I turn my mental eye,
 Reflect—indulge my heavy thoughts; and sigh.

II

What tho' no turrets grace thy name,
 Thy simple front no notice claim,
 Tho' all my ancestors were poor,
 And thou no hall, but cot obscure;
 Tho' all in ruins round thee lie,
 The symbol of my destiny,
 And tho' to thee I give my parting tear,
 Still to my hearing shall thy name be dear.

III

III

'To me what are the works of art ?
 Can they one heart-felt joy impart ?
 Can lofty palaces, not mine,
 Forbid my feelings to repine ?
 No.—Greater comforts thou would'st give,
 Had I been doom'd in thee to live,
 And with my dear-lov'd friends in mem'ry dwell,
 Whose many virtues ev'ry spot would tell.

IV

Each chamber, tho' but small and low,
 Each place, wherein my steps might go,
 Each planted tree, each garden-bed,
 And little field, where cattle fed,
 Would still renew within my mind
 How good they were, how dear, how kind ;
 And, if I err not, on each new-born day
 My grateful heart their kindness should repay.

V

And does it not ? Tho' banish'd thence,
 Still gratify'd is ev'ry sense
 Of duty, which to them we owe,
 When they forbade our tears to flow.
 My brother smil'd beneath their care,
 My sister claim'd an equal share.—

On this their love could I for ever pause ;
They pity'd, and espous'd the orphan's cause.

VI

Rever'd be he, whose fost'ring care
Their tender infancy did rear ;
Whose kind reproof, and tender smile,
Did faults correct, or tears beguile ;
Within whose breast a parent's heart
In all their joys and griefs took part !
Oh ! may this venerable man be blest
In an eternal world of heav'nly rest !

VII

These are my wishes, pure, sincere,
And this my fervent, daily pray'r ;
For tho' on me he seldom smil'd,
(Of other friends th' adopted child)
Tho' all his property be gone,
And I in fortune be undone,
Yet the vast debt my parents' children owe,
With thanks shall ever make my bosom glow.

VIII

An upright agent for the great,
Their wealth improv'd not his estate :

With

With golden baits no tenant try'd
 To draw his honesty aside.
 They knew 'twas vain with him to play,
 Whose soul disdain'd to go astray
 One single moment from his steady self,
 For all the hoarded bags of fordid pelf.

IX

Ne'er did the friendless seek, in vain,
 Of private miseries to complain;
 Patient a list'ning ear he lent,
 And from him all with blessings went.
 His manly soul despis'd each art
 That wish'd to twine around his heart;
 And when to please the cunning flatterer strove,
 Contemptuous looks supply'd his usual love.

X

As he no poor man e'er despis'd,
 So was he by the richer priz'd,
 He never once his friends abus'd;
 No favours courted—some refus'd,
 Unerring justice was his plan,
 And his best praise, an Honest Man.
 All meanness from his open heart he threw,
 And ne'er thro' life one paltry action knew.

XI

XI

His steady temper, chiefly mild,
 Had grown up with him, from a child.
 He never acted, ere deep thought
 Had full conviction in him wrought,
 And then his views nought could impede,
 Nor in his private life nor trade ;
 Firm as a rock, no prospects could control
 The honest dictates of his honest soul.

XII

Say ye, who knew the man I praise,
 Do I a false inscription raise ?
 No : WILLIAM NEWBY'S honour'd name
 On all my feelings has a claim.
 Virtue exulted at his sight,
 Sweet pity view'd him with delight ;
 And on each feature of his face were trac'd
 The manly thoughts with which his soul was grac'd.

XIII

And this sweet cottage once was thine,
 And, long ere this, it had been mine,
 Had thy directions been obey'd,
 But here credulity betray'd,
 Were it to utter its complaint,
 In tints, perhaps, too deep, would paint

The

The heavy injuries I e'er have borne,
 Since this good, virtuous man, has hence been torn.

XIV

Then fare thee well, thou cottage dear,
 From thee I part with many a tear ;
 From thee I turn, with many a sigh,
 Where once I hop'd to live and die :
 Where peaceful happiness once smil'd ;
 Where once I prattled, when a child ;
 Where my first breath in dawning life I drew—
 Neglected, rural place, adieu, adieu,

XV

Yet hard it is to quit this scene,
 When all my feelings would complain,
 When, spite of Resignation's awe,
 My soul would murmur at that law
 Which, throwing justice far aside,
 The calls of conscience did deride,
 And doom'd me, hapless, not deserving hate,
 To a forlorn, UNPITY'D, friendless state,

XVI

UNPITY'D, did I rashly say !
 Desponding thought, away ! away !

For

For me compassion kindly feels,
 And pity on my sorrows steals,
 Bids me from friends to hope for more
 Than I have found in man before,
 And whispers, that my lot is hard indeed,
 That makes each good man's gen'rous bosom bleed.

XVII

I catch thee, dear, delusive thought,
 With ev'ry smiling blessing fraught,
 Press thee, with rapture, to my breast,
 And find my soul not so distressed.
 Oh ! sooth each anxious, lonely hour !
 And, if distress be doom'd to pour
 On my devoted head, in ev'ry stage
 Let thy kind whispers all my griefs assuage.

XVIII

To those, who felt a cruel joy
 In ev'ry act which did destroy
 The humble prospect I had sketch'd,
 (The canvas never too far stretch'd)
 To them th' enjoyed thought is left,
 That I, of ev'ry hope bereft,
 Have long been poor, deserted, and betray'd—
 Yet think on him, who in his grave is laid.

XIX

Could thy kind owner, HORNCOP HALL,
 Have e'er foreseen that thou should'st fall,
 Neglected thus, and from his own,
 He could not have suppress'd his frown;
 His eye indignant would have turn'd
 On all my foes, and soon have spurn'd
 Their artful, cunning ways, and me secur'd
 From all the injuries I have endur'd.

XX

But let my indignation cease;
 My wish is all mankind to please.
 Their arts I, from my soul, forgive,
 And wish them all in peace to live.
 It follows not that I must be
 A foe to those who're foes to me.
 No: From my thoughts the grov'ling wish I throw,
 No man shall ever say I was his foe.

XXI

May pleasures round them ever press,
 And shield their bosoms from distress!
 May ev'ry hour as chearful be
 As mine is dark with misery!
 But let me quit this gloomy strain,
 And turn to thee, and ease my pain:

H

Be

Be Lord for once of thy poor, humble roof,
And bid my griefs awhile to keep aloof.

XXII

Secreted thou from envious eye,
Beneath a shelt'ring hill dost lie,
Whence distant azure mounts I see,
Forming a prospect suiting thee.
The Kent meand'ring winds below,
Whose streams with health and profit flow,
Along whose banks the patient angler plays
The vary'd fly, his fav'rite fish to raise.

XXIII

Soon as the morning light is seen,
Red, yellow, crimson, blue, and green,
And various tints, of ev'ry dye,
Attract the curious, wand'ring eye.
The shearmen's songs now hum around,
Whilst with their webs they load the ground;
And the slow, creaking cart, with cumb'rous load,
Grates, at a distance, on the rugged road.

XXIV

The curling smoke, the simple bridge,
The antique steeple, and the ridge

Of

Of hills arising 'bove the town,
 The castle, once of great renown,
 Now daily mould'ring to decay,
 And hills and fields where cattle stray,
 Enrich the pleasing landscape, and invite
 Whoe'er comes near thee, to enjoy the sight.

XXV

When in the west the sun declines,
 And o'er thy roof no longer shines,
 The distant curfew's solemn knell
 Hangs o'er the stream, its sound to swell,
 And reaches thee. The buzzing noise
 That ranges thro' the town, employs
 The thoughts of those who live retir'd with thee;
 Happy that they from bustling cares are free.

XXVI

For ever could I thus prolong
 My sincere tribute, and my song;
 For ever on their friendship dwell,
 Who honour'd this sweet, peaceful cell;
 Where many a heart true solace found,
 From their benev'lence spread around.
 Propitious heav'n, receive my grateful pray'r!
 Oh! may eternal blessings be their share!

XXVII

If worth, if honour, tho' obscure,
 If solid virtues can procure
 A lasting monument of praise,
 My heart that monument shall raise.
 If a respected, valu'd name,
 Had e'er on gratitude a claim,
 With an exulting glow of pride refin'd
 I own my uncle's treasur'd in my mind.

XXVIII

No injuries, howe'er severe,
 Shall make me less his name revere ;
 No length of time shall damp my praise,
 Nor is there aught that can erase
 His mem'ry, stamp'd within my breast,
 Which long has all his worth confess'd.
 But let my humble tribute cease to flow,
 What he was once, my losses bid me know.

XXIX

This duty paid, here let me close
 The tale of all my griefs and woes.
 To thee, my hop'd, but lost retreat,
 To thee, with sorrowing heart, repeat
 My sad farewell. From me thou'rt torn,
 From me, dejected and forlorn :

And

And others now my solemn rights invade,
From me, by rig'rous law, alas ! convey'd.

XXX

Then let me turn my thoughts from thee,
And calmly meet my destiny ;
Bid each fond-fancy'd scene adieu,
And drive thy beauties from my view.
Hard is the task—for still my mind
To dwell on ev'ry part's inclin'd.—
Yet the whole-pitying world, with tears, I tell,
That I have bidden thee a long farewell.

Written in 1786.

ODE

O D E XI.

TO HIS

P E N S I V E M U S E.

I

WHEN my slow tears steal down my cheeks,
 And silently of wrongs complain ;
 When my sad heart for friendship seeks,
 And seeks, alas ! too oft in vain.
 When gloomy thoughts around me dwell,
 And press redoubling on my fear,
 How could I wish my thoughts to tell
 To some kind, list'ning, pitying ear,
 Whose sympathy attention might engage,
 And all my griefs, however great, assuage.

II

But ah ! where shall I find relief ?
 From what bless'd bosom ask for aid ?
 Still am I doom'd to pine in grief,
 Still must my humble prospects fade.

All

All nature wears a lonely dress,
 Nor does fond hope one blossom shew ;
 It often buds, but keen distress
 Blasts it, when scarce 'tis form'd to view ;
 And leaves my soul a melancholy void,
 Or, at the most, but on MYSELF employ'd.

III

What art thou, say, poor, futile theme,
 On which to stretch its given pow'rs :
 Subject to ev'ry mortal's blame,
 Which daily on thee rapid show'rs.
 To many injuries subject too—
 Say, hast thou not been long oppress'd ?
 And dost thou to thyself for comfort sue,
 When melancholy fills thy breast ?
 No : Turn from that desponding friend, and fly
 To one, with whom, in kindness, none can vie.

IV

Then come, oh ! come, my PENSIVE MUSE,
 In modest, humble weeds array'd.
 Thee for my comforter I chuse,
 With me thy smiles shall never fade.
 Tho' mirth ne'er dwells upon thy face,
 Nor honey'd accents on thy tongue,
 Yet still thy truth, tho' void of grace,
 Informs me when I'm acting wrong,
 And

And blots, indignant, from the fretful page,
The transitory strokes of poignant rage.

V

For much, thou know'st, I've had to bear
From those who long have wish'd me poor;
But thou hast taught me still to spare
Their peace, from whom I most endure.
And, from my soul, I thank thy curb,
That checks me when too far provok'd,
Oh! may I ne'er their joys disturb,
Tho' long with mine—too long they've jok'd!
Far from my heart retaliation throw,
And never suffer me that crime to know!

VI

When thus depress'd, oh! be I led
To some religious, moral book;
Or to some melancholy shade,
Near the soft murmurs of a brook:
Or let me wander, when the night
To stillness calms the earth and sea,
When, veil'd from ev'ry mortal's sight,
I may indulge my thoughts with thee!
And for a while my deepest sorrows lose,
When on some fav'rite theme, with thee, I muse.

VII

VII

For many a sorrow have I felt,
 And disappointments dwell with me :
 Yet say I not that heav'n has dealt
 Too large a share of misery.
 My bounteous God ! the thought forbid !
 Whose ways are ever kind and good ;
 And tho' thy holy will be hid,
 I bow as if 'twas understood.
 I've more deserv'd than what I've felt, I own,
 And bend submissive at thy sacred throne.

VIII

Thus may I think, and thus with thee
 Dull ev'ry barbed shaft that's sent !
 Thus bow to an all-wise decree,
 And thus of ev'ry crime repent !
 To thee for refuge long I've flown,
 To thee for refuge still I'll fly,
 Thy cheering influence ever own,
 Nor droop too low, when thou art nigh.
 Far from my soul repel the murky hour,
 That strives to trample on thy gentle pow'r.

IX

To thy kind ear my thoughts I'll tell,
 That throng to rob me of my rest :

I

With

With thee compassion e'er must dwell,
 And pity live within thy breast,
 Each struggling conflict, oh ! repress,
 And ever breathe fraternal love :
 'Tis thine to make my sorrows less—
 And heaven the deed will sure approve !
 Oh ! calm each thought, each stronger passion bend,
 And be my steady, sympathising friend !

Written August 20, 1787, at Night.

O D E XII.

TO

G R A T I T U D E.

I

SOFT binder of our gentler ties,
Friendship's companion, and the good man's
guest,

To meet thy graceful form I rise,
And bid thee welcome to my feeling breast.
To thee my trembling looks I raise,
To thee I give my feeble lays,
And consecrate my humble praise.
Sink deep within my secret heart,
'Thro' ev'ry sense thy influence dart,
And all thy noble warmth impart,
That ev'ry thought from thee alone may rise,
Thou great, blest AUTH'RESS of our purest joys !

I 2

II

II

Dear goddess, mother of delight
 Refin'd, thee shall my bosom ever hail !
 Tho' sorrows press, still thy sweet sight
 Shall brighten up each melancholy tale !
 Thou chief support in virtue's train,
 Wide, wide extend thy gentle reign,
 Nor let me court thy smiles in vain.
 May ev'ry heart espouse thy cause,
 Thy dictates meet with mild applause ;
 And all mankind obey thy laws !
 Instructive charms those holy laws unfold,
 And bliss is felt when we thy looks behold.

III

Oft have I sat beside the stream,
 When poverty has drawn the heart-felt sigh,
 When private woes were all my theme,
 And watchful misery sat brooding nigh.
 When sudden 'cross my tortur'd mind
 Darted the thought of friendship kind,
 From whence relief the wretched find.
 Soon my complaints were all redress'd,
 No longer were my hopes distress'd,
 For thou before me stood'st confess'd.
 In all thy captivating, heav'nly smiles,
 And gav'st me recompence for all my toils.

IV

Blest ruler of my inmost soul,

Whose dictates I have ever wish'd t' obey
Let nothing there thy sway controul.

Let nothing damp each warm, reviving ray !

Thro' ev'ry stage be still my guide ;

O'er all my secret thoughts preside ;

In thee alone my thanks reside.

Tho' humble, poor, obscure, and low,

Grant that my bosom e'er may glow

With grateful praise, for what I know.

With chearful homage to the pow'r above,

For all his care, his benefits, and love.

V

Still may my heart the tribute pay

Of due acknowledgement to ev'ry friend,

Yet not in pompous words display

That sensibility, to which I bend !

Inspir'd by thee, the speaking eye,

The silent, soft, expressive sigh,

Can friendship thank, when friendship's nigh.

And, when remote, with views sincere,

Can daily offer up a pray'r,

That happiness may be their share.

Be this blest duty mine.—May heav'n defend,

From ev'ry ill, the man I call my friend.

Written in 1778.

ODE

O D E XIII.

T O

C O N T E N T M E N T.

I

HAIL! sweet CONTENTMENT! thee do I invoke
To guide my thoughts to thy bright chear-
ful throne,

Where ev'ry pleasure, free from guile,
Attends thy happy, placid smile.
In vain I seek thee, deck'd with state,
Where pomp attends the proud and great.
No: There, alas! thou'rt never seen:
Their noise of un-tun'd mirth, from thee,
Howe'er they live in joyous glee,
Howe'er they waste their time away
With fancy'd sweets, that soon will cloy,
Can never claim thy looks serene.
Far, far from thee retires the wanton joke,
And giddy riot thou wilt e'er disown.

II

II

But say, in yonder ivy-mantled cot,
 Are not thy sweetest smiles unfully'd found ?
 There, far retir'd from public eye,
 A rural, happy, loving pair,
 Long train'd beneath thy tender care,
 The calm of innocence enjoy.
 Agenor, blest with ruddy health,
 Not ranging wide in search of wealth,
 Attends his harmless fleecy flock.
 Helena, whilst her children cling
 Around her knees, can chearful sing.—
 Their hopes no disappointments mock.
 Thrice blest retreat ! thrice happy, happy spot,
 Where purest joys, and tranquil hours abound !

III

Observe yon dark, ensombred, dreary hill,
 Where summer's warmth the vapours seldom break.
 The tall brown oak o'er shades its side :
 Close at its foot a river's tide
 Now solemn creeps its banks along,
 Now rapid breaks its thrown-up mounds,
 While with loud swells, the woods among,
 Terrific roar its hoarse, harsh sounds.
 On yonder side, of open sight,
 The rugged cliff, with shaggy head,

Looks

Looks prominent, and strikes with dread
The peasant trembling with affright,
When all the troubled sky loud thunders fill,
And atoms tremble whilst th' Immortal speaks.

IV

Yet even then, when nature seem'd convuls'd,
The owner of yon hut is ne'er disinay'd.
I saw him on a bank reclin'd,
The trees loud roaring with the wind,
And light'ning flashing in the air.
Fearless he sat beneath the trees,
As if to taste the summer's breeze,
And shew'd no symptoms of despair.
A book of sacred hymns he held,
Which, as the tempest's fury swell'd,
With eager hopes he pensive ey'd,
And smil'd content; tho' loud and wide
The storm was heard. All thought seem'd far repuls'd
Save what to heav'n's all-ruling pow'r was paid.

V

Beneath a willow's rural hidden shade
Reclin'd, at noon, a youthful virgin slept.
The zephyrs play'd around her head,
Her sheep in safety brows'd the mead,
No wanton hind lurk'd basely near.

There

There, there, I cry'd, Contentment lies,
 From such a form pale envy flies,
 Whose innocence knows not a tear.
 Sweet, happy state of virtuous youth !
 Dear emblem of unspotted truth !
 Oh ! still pursue thy present plan,
 And shield thy honour from false man :
 Then happiness with thee will never fade,
 And to thy grave that jewel will be kept.

VI

Whence come these pleasing sounds that strike my ear
 With artless melody and rustic mirth ?

A group of peasants, poor and low,
 Are dancing sprightly on the green :
 A happier set were never seen,
 All strangers to the pangs of woe.
 To tend the hay, the corn to shear,
 And make all meet each ending year ;
 To pay what's due, by daily sweat ;
 To eat but what their labours get ;
 These are their toils, their pleasures few ;
 Yet pleasures daily they renew.
 With jocund songs away they banish care ;
 And ev'ry ev'ning gives their joys new birth.

VII

Calm, rural scenes ! of peace the blest retreat !
 Here may I dwell a stranger to all strife,
 Remote from ev'ry tow'ring view ;
 Sequester'd with the happy few,
 Unnotic'd and unknown ! My days
 Will then, at least, be pass'd with ease :
 And o'er my grave the feeling heart
 Will shed a tear whene'er we part.
 Thus, thus to live, and thus to die,
 Is all I wish beneath the sky,
 Save what kind blessings heav'n, in store,
 Deigns on my childrens' hearts to pour.
 To see these virtuous, good—I wish not great,
 Will be my comfort in declining life.

Written in 1777.

O D E XIV.

O D E UPON O D E S.

I

A CRITIC friend, in fullen mood,
 And rueful phiz, my odes review'd,
 I found him at his work ;
 Before him all my papers lay,
 Quite in a studious, careless way,
 His chamber rather dark.
 For too much light should ne'er that room pervade,
 In which is carry'd on the critic's trade.

II

But here my timid, country muse,
 Protests she means not those Reviews
 Which learning's cause espouse,
 Nor Monthly, Critical, nor London,
 For if she did, she must be undone,
 Their blood she would so rouse.
 Their noble rage would quickly knock me down,
 Or, lion-like, dismiss me with a frown.

III

She only means my faults to tell,
 By way of simple bagatelle ;
 And as she's mostly kind,
 I'll e'en, for once, give her her way ;
 She has giv'n me mine this many a day,
 And let her speak her mind.
 It would be hard, exceeding ev'ry folly,
 To keep her drudging still at melancholy.

IV

Behold me then, 'twixt hope and fear,
 Approaching to the learned chair,
 Where sat my pensive friend :
 I strok'd my hair, and made a bow,
 And faintly said, " Pray how d'ye do ?"
 Tho' at each finger end
 A thousand pleasing things I'd ready got—
 But all my compliments were soon forgot.

V

He turn'd about, and shook his head,
 The shake had almost struck me dead,
 So ghastly was his look,
 Then, pointing to the fatal place,
 Where all my sheets lay in disgrace,
 Again his head he shook.

A fin-

A single pea would then have knock'd me o'er,
No aspine leaf, than I, e'er trembled more.

VI

" Well, friend," says he, " I've read your odes,
" In which there's not one word of gods,
" But goddesses for ever.
" This is too much, indeed, to do ;
" The goddesses alone to woo—
" You must be vastly clever,
" Rhyme after rhyme to lug in nought but ladies,
" In poetry, I own, a pretty trade is.

VII

" I hope my freedom you'll excuse,
" Tho' seldom usher'd into use,
" If I your faults dissect.
" Tho' 'tis an irksome thing, I own,
" To run another's labours down,
" Or treat them with neglect.
" But as my sentiments you often ask,
" At length I've labour'd thro' th' unpleasing talk.

VIII

" And here, my friend, you'll give me leave
" Your pardon, all at once, to crave,
" If I should seem too daring !"
" Most

“ Most certainly, good fir,” said I,
 Tho’ ready like a child to cry,
 When it has lost its fairing.
 Then forc’d a smile, and hem’d, and blew my nose,
 And long’d to tread upon his gouty toes.

IX

These things premis’d, in stilts of state
 He thus went on, “ Since ’tis the fate
 “ Of many a one to write,
 “ Each author should, I think, contrive
 “ To keep his readers still alive,
 “ Or never more indite.
 “ The man, who ventures into public view,
 “ Should strive to please the many, not the few.”

X

“ But, fir.”—“ Nay let me, pray, go on,
 “ Say what you will when I have done,
 “ But do not break my thread.
 “ SIMPLICITY you first invoke,
 “ Indeed it looks much like a joke
 (I could have broke his head)
 “ To tell your friends that, after all their pains,
 “ You meant to treat them but in simple strains.

XI

" Next comes your MORNING, vastly fine,
 " When Phœbus certainly must shine
 " Thro' ev'ry day i'th' year ;
 " With landscapes high, and landscapes low,
 " And verses moving sweetly slow,
 " And tingling in the ear.
 " As if all poetry was plac'd in numbers,
 " Without one scrap of sense to keep off slumbers.

XII

" From hence to SOLITUDE you fly,
 " Where you may sob, and droop, and sigh—
 " From melancholy mind.
 " And you, perhaps, would do full well,
 " If all your tales you there would tell,
 " And give them to the wind.
 " What cares the world for either you or me,
 " And solitude with both will best agree.

XIII

" To mad AMBITION now I turn ;
 " At her dread call I feel I burn
 " With a poetic rage.
 " But you your piteous strains indite,
 " And start aghast at her first sight,
 " Then dwindle out the page.

" The

“ The stronger passions of the soul require
 “ The strongest energy and noblest fire.

XIV

“ Next comes DISTRESS.—Did ever man
 “ Sketch out so whimsical a plan,
 “ Whose brains were not unsound ?
 “ Then FRIENDSHIP follows at her heels,
 “ Friendship, you say, that seldom feels
 “ Another’s mental wound.
 “ Why then this fuss ? Distress may beg in vain,
 “ Since Friendship cares not for another’s pain.

XV

“ Come, turn that leaf, see what comes next.”
 Sure never man was half so vexed,
 I could have kick’d his bum.
 “ ’Tis SENSIBILITY, I think.”
 He fairly burst into a chink,
 Tho’ hard he bit his thumb.
 “ What ! Sensibility ! oh ! worse and worse.
 “ Do, pray turn o’er, and see what’s next of course.”

XVI

I straightway fumbled to the page,
 Tho’ almost choak’d with ire and rage,
 (His treatment was so scurvy)

To

To see my fav'rite subject spurn'd,
 I could have wish'd his caxen burn'd,
 And him turn'd topsy turvey.
 "Thou hast no soul," I mutter'd to myself,
 Then threw my RESIGNATION at the elf.

XVII

Then, rushing from my dusty chair,
 I stalk'd about, like any play'r,
 And humm'd some silly song.
 My face I cannot well disguise,
 He soon observ'd my fullen eyes,
 As well as fault'ring tongue.
 But as he scorn'd by flattery to please,
 He calmly thus went on, and quite at ease.

XVIII

"Oh ! here, I find, you mean to rise
 "Like Horace, tow'ring to the skies,
 "On EMULATION's wings.
 "But, hark you, sir, you'll not forget,
 "Tho' you look sour, and fume, and fret,
 "He like a poet sings.
 "You'll surely not presume with him to vie ?"
 "No, sir ; nor with far meaner bards," said I.

XIX

- “ Good stars ! what’s this ? how, HORNCOP HALL !
 “ I tremble lest the sky should fall,
 “ To see a hut in odes.
 “ ’Tis true, the poet often sings
 “ Of lords and ladies, queens and kings,
 “ And of their fam’d abodes.
 “ But, give me leave—’tis nonsense to rehearse
 “ The praise of cottages in lyric verse.”

XX

- He stopp’d, and waited my reply.
 “ You need not stop, good sir,” said I,
 “ I love the man I praise.
 “ Be this enough for you to know,
 “ My thoughts with deepest rev’rence glow,
 “ And my poor LYRIC LAYS.
 “ Dearer to me is his respected name,
 “ Than all the monarchs in recording fame.”

XXI

- “ Well, be it so, my angry friend,
 “ I cannot blame, but must commend
 “ The tribute you have paid.
 “ And here your SOLITARY MUSE,
 “ Whose charms, I see, you don’t refuse,
 “ Affords her PENSIVE aid.

“ May

“ May she with GRATEFUL feelings fill your breast,
 “ And sweet CONTENTMENT lull you to your rest.”

XXII

Here ceas'd my friend, with smiling eye,
 Whilst I look'd sheepish down, and shy,
 Wond'ring at what he said.
 Then pointing kindly tow'rs my books,
 While friendship glisten'd in his looks,
 He thus his soul portray'd.
 With true benevolence his words were fraught,
 Lift'ning I gaz'd, and gave him ev'ry thought.

XXIII

“ Since to the world, at last, you give
 “ Your works, in which for e'er will live
 “ Your want of pow'rs or fame ;
 “ You must, with philosophic mind,
 “ To soothing praise be ever blind,
 “ And bear with ev'ry blame.
 “ For both, no doubt, are doom'd to be your fate,
 “ Friendship approves what keener critics hate.

XXIV

“ But friends, alas ! can little do
 “ In ev'ry storm to guide you through,
 “ Tho' warm their wishes be.

" Too many faults, no doubt, there are,
 " Which men of learning will not spare,
 " Which kindness will not see.
 " These, by their honour, they must discommend,
 " For glaring faults they never can defend.

XXV

" But as with modest fears you write,
 " I hope those fears they will requite
 " With lenity most kind.
 " You own you're feeble, can they then
 " In ink of gall e'er dip their pen,
 " Howe'er they be inclin'd,
 " In harsher terms to reprobate your plan,
 " And, thro' the trembling author, wound the man?

XXVI

" No : Rest assur'd, that, when all pride
 " In ev'ry line is laid aside,
 " And want of vigour own'd,
 " Critics will scorn to point one dart,
 " Lest it should wrangle in the heart
 " On which distress has frown'd ;
 " Or should they yield to momentary rage,
 " The tear of pity will efface the page."

XXVII

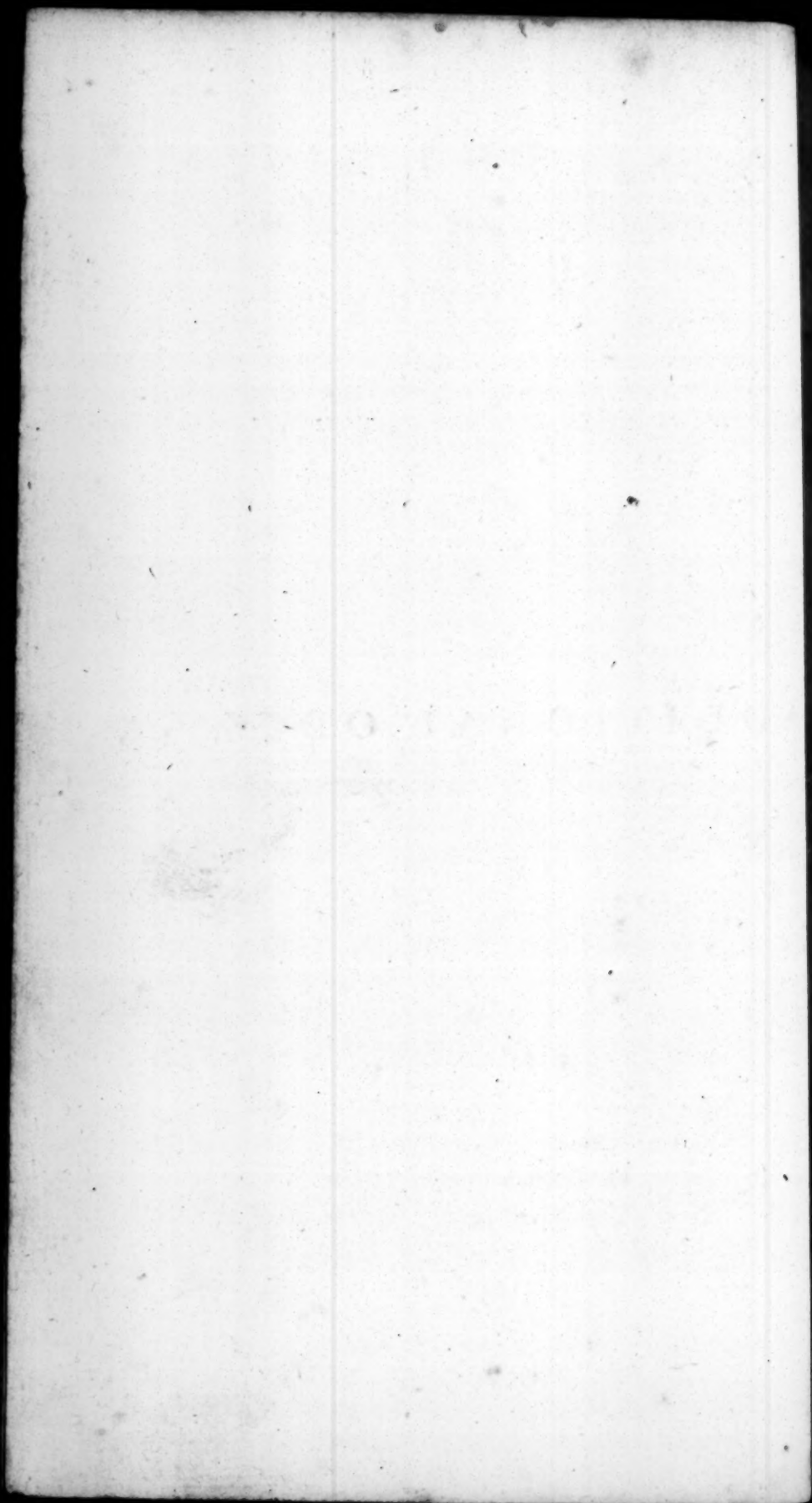
Here resting then my TRIVIAL CAUSE,
 Which looks not fondly for applause,
 To pity I must fly.
 With sympathy my lines peruse,
 That cordial drop you'll not refuse,
 That beams in ev'ry eye;
 'Twill help to sweeten ev'ry bitter grief,
 And give my anxious tremblings some relief.

XXVIII

Judge from the heart, its dictates trust,
 Unbias'd judgment is most just,
 Whether to blame, or praise.
 Should harsher lines offend the ear,
 Or bolder beauties not appear,
 Pass o'er the faulty phrase.—
 Be pleas'd, where e'er you can, nor discommend
 The man, who is to all mankind a friend.

Written in SEPTEMBER, 1787.

ADDITIONAL ODES.



O D E I.

T O

M E L A N C H O L Y.

I

OH! thou, who see'st, with weeping eye,
 The sunshine of thy life pass'd by,
 That warm'd thy jocund spring,
 Let me, where e'er thy haunt may be,
 Sit pensively, and sigh with thee,
 While lowly thou dost sing.
 With sympathy I'll listen to thy lays,
 And give thee, if my tears can give it, ease.

II

If thou should'st muse near yonder rill,
 Those tears shall help its stream to fill,
 That slowly creeps along.
 Its pebbled bottom we will view,
 O'er which there hangs a blasted yew,
 And thou shalt tune thy song.

M

No

No ruder breath of air shall boist'rous blow,
To steal one plaintive cadence from thy woe.

III

No.—All around shall be serene ;
And thy soft warblings shall complain
Of injuries endur'd.
Thy artless melody I'll join,
My wailing notes I'll add to thine.—
Oh ! can thy wounds be cur'd ?
Can kindred sorrow steal upon thy heart ?
Oh ! if it can, from thee I'll never part.

IV

But, ah ! I see thou need'st no friends,
For one on all thy steps attends,
In fillemot array'd.
Her solemn gait, her down-cast eye,
Her folded arms, her frequent sigh,
Her name have long betray'd :
Might I but woo her to my widow'd arms,
I'd give up ev'ry passion to her charms.

V

Oh ! MELANCHOLY, gloomy maid,
Who wander'st often in the shade,
And calmly drop'st the tear,

Oh !

Oh ! wilt thou, wilt thou live with me ?
 Each future hour I'll give to thee,
 Nor shall false joys be near ;
 But in some straw-roof'd hut, or rock-scoop'd cell,
 Musing with thee I'll ever lonely dwell.

VI

Thou com'st in such a form divine,
 I'll greet thee, and I'll call thee mine—
 I'll clasp thee to my breast.
 Oh ! let whatever may betide,
 No change shall ever us divide,
 If thou wilt be my guest.
 Oh ! take, oh ! take thy welcome lodging here,
 No rival wilt thou ever need to fear.

VII

Or should I chance a while to stray,
 And revel in the giddy day,
 My folly thou wilt bear,
 For closer should I cling to thee,
 New beauties in thy beauty see,
 The more my love t' endear.
 With thee I'll pass my short'ning life away,
 And love thee better, as my days decay.

VIII

For thee some lonely shed I'll raise,
 Where elegance shall never blaze,
 Nor e'er be counted joys.
 We'll bid th' unfeeling world farewell,
 And far sequester'd we will dwell
 From bustling cares and noise.
 No specious views shall tempt us from our cot,
 Where all life's vanities shall be forgot.

IX

Along its walls some tree shall creep,
 Which may invite thee oft to weep,
 And heave a plaintive sigh.
 No fleeting pleasures shall invade
 Thy cypress-woven gloomy shade,
 No laughter shall be nigh,
 But thou shalt sit in meditation deep,
 And ev'ry chearful thought from mem'ry sweep,

X

Now o'er the barren heath we'll stray,
 Or near some brook we'll wind our way,
 That steals along the dale,
 There, as the bird of night we hear,
 Its note we'll answer with a tear,
 While list'ning to its tale ;

Then,

Then, when the moon its lustre round us throws,
Uninterrupted we'll recall our woes.

XI

On these, when dimly gleams the fire,
And no officious friends desire
Our intercourse to sour,
We'll meditate at large, and sigh
How quickly passes ev'ry joy,
How long each mournful hour !
And, if false hope should talk of happier days,
We'll mind not what the treach'rous prattler says.

XII

For thee I'll raise a sacred urn,
O'er which at evening thou shalt mourn,
O'er which thy tears shall flow :
I'll press thee then, with close embrace,
I'll wander o'er thy grief-fraught face,
And feast on all thy woe ;
With rapture kiss thy down-cast, humid eye,
And o'er the urn return thee sigh for sigh.

XIII

Come then, oh ! Melancholy, come,
And make my hapless heart thy home,
Where thou no change wilt see.

No

No passions shall usurp thy pow'r,
 For ev'ry future, heavy hour,
 I'll dedicate to thee.
 Unrival'd thus, as thou shalt ever be,
 Oh ! Melancholy, come and dwell with me.

O D E II.

I N D O L E N C E.

I

WHAT means that torpid state of mind,
 When ev'ry faculty's unstrung,
 When simply list'ning to the wind,
 Or gazing on the clouds o'erhung,
 Or on the wintry swelling flood,
 Or storms that flit along the sky,
 We, idiot-like, in stupid mood,
 Let nature's changes meet our eye,
 And chilling with the fullen blast,
 Or shrinking from the falling snow,
 We skulk from purer air, in haste,
 To seek the temporary glow.
 That to our sluggish limbs may warmth impart,
 Yet adds no vigour to the drooping heart?

II

Who rear'st to sleep a fordid pile,
 Amidst my various wishes, thou

Shalt

Shalt ne'er seduce me, tho' thou smile,
 And anger frown not on thy brow.
 Rather than strain thee to my breast,
 Tho' stillness creep with sluggish pace,
 And the poor cricket chirp to rest,
 The rage of storms I would embrace,
 And on the roaring blast intent,
 That sweeps tremendous o'er the deep,
 Were but my soul there deeply bent,
 Its rage should rock me to my sleep.
 When my attention, tir'd with busy thought,
 From its embrace some short refreshment sought.

III

Nay, rather would I nonsense write,
 Than linger thus my time away,
 And drooping drowsy with the night,
 Reflect I'd lost another day.
 Life is, at most, a short'ning span,
 Still narrowing with the fleeting hour—
 Then let us do whate'er we can
 To hold it longer in our pow'r ;
 To use it as by heav'n design'd,
 T' expand our souls, ideas frame,
 T' enlarge the vigour of the mind,
 And bad propensities to tame,
 Which in a soil of indolence take root,
 And, weed-like, with luxuriance ever shoot.

IV.

Shake off this tiresome load of ease,
 This golden, this enfeebling chain,
 Whose tinklings but the sluggard please ;
 And scorn this soporific pain,
 This laudanum of life, that lulls
 Your nobler senses to repose,
 That ev'ry finer feeling dulls,
 And adds fresh pages to your woes.
 Rouse from this slumb'ring loathed fate,
 Brace your slack'd nerves, new string your
 mind,
 Dart your keen thoughts from state to state,
 And riding on the rapid wind
 Scan men and manners as to view they rise,
 Or, soaring with the eagle, read the skies.

V

Or should the soul faint languor seize,
 With strong researches dimm'd to sleep,
 Up to the mountains, face the breeze,
 And climb the hoary summit's steep.
 Give your bar'd bosoms to the gale,
 That from the snow-drift bleakly blows,
 The fresh, reviving air inhale,
 Where ruddy health with vigour glows.

N

Join

Join the swift pack, o'er fences bound,
 On horse or foot, no matter how,
 Catch the shrill shouts that swell around,
 Dash thro' the vale, or mount the brow.—
 Seek for fresh spirits in reviving toil,
 And, even at the plough, with pleasure smile.

VI

From hardy, wholesome exercise,
 Good for the body and the mind,
 Our best enjoyments must arise,
 By nature, not by art, refin'd.
 Let some in palaces reside,
 Attended by their fellow-men;
 Let some in chariots loll their pride.—
 Be I contented with a den
 Dug in a forest, if employ'd.
 There, with the hinds, brave cold and heat,
 With health and labour never cloy'd,
 There, Exercise, thy praise repeat.—
 But may my soul no sluggish quiet please,
 Its most corroding and its worst disease!

O D E III.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

I

FREEDOM ! thou genius of my native isle,
 Thou guardian goddess of each gen'rous mind,
 Wishful I long to meet thy open smile,
 And in my breast thy happy influence find.
 Hail ! heav'n-born maid ! whose countenance benign,
 On which all graces and all virtues shine,
 Diffuses wide an universal joy
 Where e'er thy liberal dictates spread their sway,
 Whose roseat charms were never known to cloy,
 For independence marks thy envy'd sway.
 Hail ! heav'n-born maid ! oh ! might'st thou dwell
 with me,
 Who in the land of freedom am not free !

II

The slave that drags his long, yet length'ning chain,
 What would he give to bend his shrivell'd knee
 At thy approach, to quit his life of pain,
 And fly from tyranny to roam with thee ?

N 2

Yet

Yet let me not the stinted price demand,
 Were it the world, he'd throw it from his hand.
 All tinsel'd vanities would be despis'd
 In poverty, the friend he once had known,
 Again he'd greet, and thou wouldst be more priz'd
 Than all the pageantry that gilds a throne :
 Along the sands and plains he'd scour once more,
 And hunt the tygress on his native shore.

III

If simple nature, by no arts refin'd,
 Long for the pantings of an arduous chace,
 Long to stretch out its bosom to the wind,
 And hardy toils in liberty embrace ;
 Ah ! may not those repine, in ENGLAND born,
 From whom, e'en in the cradle, thou wast torn ?
 Start not, ye Britons—'tis your country's stain—
 Thousands, who breathe with you one common air,
 Are little less than SLAVES—they meet disdain,
 And ev'ry degradation is their share.
 Obscure, and hooted by each piteous elf,
 'T has been a crime in them to plead for self.

IV

But be as just, as ye are bold and brave,
 Throw from your breasts each narrow, grov'ling fear.
 Stretch out your hands, and help those men to save,
 To whom the smiles of liberty are dear :

'Midst

'Midst you they live—the same good prince obey,
 They love his laws, and venerate his sway.
 Ah! let not then the views, that rul'd of yore,
 Oppress your countrymen, who feel like you—
 Britain is bounded by a lib'ral shore,
 Britons have ask'd what is by birth their due :
 Patient they've waited for that happy hour,
 That places them above a bigot's pow'r.

V

Yes, rise, ye lib'ral souls, who greatly soar
 Above the vulgar, plead their noble cause—
 Freedom, enamour'd, will your names adore,
 Who help t' expunge those shameful Penal Laws
 That hang with gloominess o'er all their days—
 And merit ev'ry good man's warmest praise.
 Nations around with plaudits shall repay
 The deed, and emulate th' example shewn,
 While grateful thousands to your hearts convey
 The blessings begg'd from heav'n's all-seeing throne.
 You will exult to see your neighbours blest,
 And genuine joy shall warm each gen'rous breast.

VI

But if vain, idle fears, must still disgrace,
 And narrow prejudices clog the mind,
 Grant me, at least, my neighbour to embrace,
 Fond of his virtues, to his errors blind ;

His

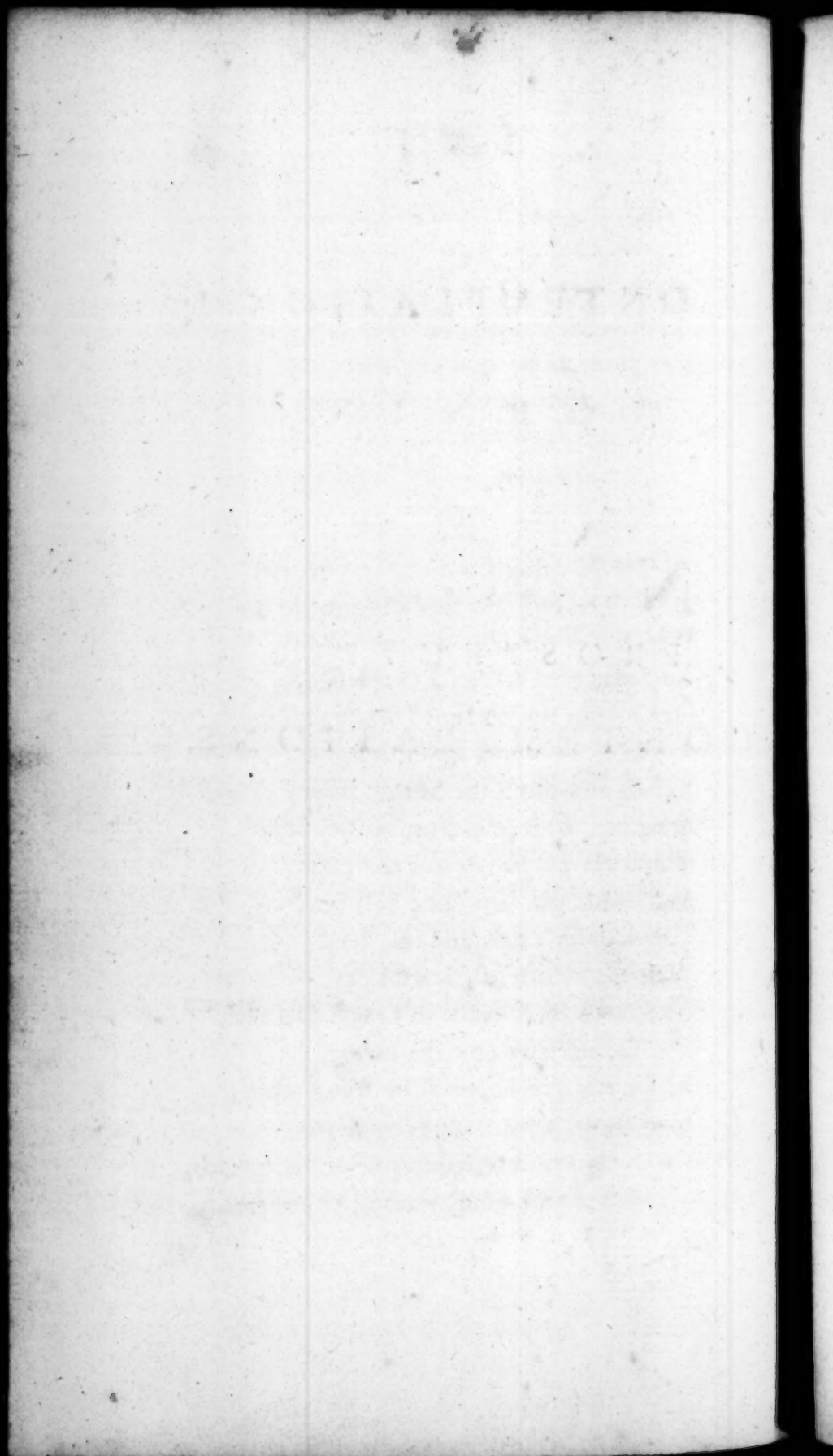
His principles shall never weigh with me—
 My brothers in my countrymen I see.
 But yet, thou greatest bliss that man can know,
 At whose sweet name my soul is all on fire,
 Who mak'st my longing hopes with transports glow,
 And give up ev'ry other fond desire,
 Oh ! come, at length, propitious smile on me,
 Give me new life, and tell me I am free.

VII

Else better dwell on some far distant shore,
 Where FREEDOM roams at large, and plants her shed,
 Where nature scatters, from her bounteous store,
 Rich scraps of land, where wand'ring flocks are fed.
 There, master of myself, from insults free,
 I might enjoy the sweets of LIBERTY.
 The pleasures of this clime I would forego,
 The sycophantic smile, the servile air—
 I only then should wish my God to know,
 And freely would resign each worldly care :
 There, undisturb'd, my altar I could raise,
 And as I pleas'd th' Almighty I could praise.

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PROSPECTIVE
CONTEMPLATIONS.



CONTEMPLATION I,

M O R N I N G.

I

NOW rising from my bed of rest,
 The twilight spreading in the east,
 Which o'er the hills illumines the sky,
 And glads the sicken'd sleepless eye,
 Forth from my cottage I proceed,
 To view the world again in light,
 Yclad, and catch the solemn scene,
 Breaking, with grandeur, on the sight.
 A stillness yet hangs o'er the plain,
 And holds our hemisphere in peace.
 The waking cattle and the steed
 Wait the return of chearful day,
 To stretch their limbs in health and ease.
 The fading stars now die away,
 And the white-finger'd, blushing morn,
 Now drops a pearl on ev'ry thorn,
 And o'er the ground refreshing dews she spreads,
 To pay, with lib'ral hand, where e'er she treads.

II

Abroad now vig'rous nature's seen
 Dress'd in her morning robe of green,
 Extending wide her gentle sway :
 She calls, and all her call obey.
 She bids the trees their branches rear
 Above the sable veil of night :
 She calls the tenant of the shed,
 To rouse from rest, and quit his bed,
 His hour of usual labour's near :
 She tells creation it is light.
 Now sleep, reluctant, quits his pow'r,
 Save where the rich prolong the hour ;
 Now indolence and sloth retreat,
 On pamper'd gluttony to wait ;
 Whilst the poor rustic (happy swain)
 Smiles to behold the day again,
 That calls his chearful labours to the fields,
 Which to his family a pittance yields.

III

But, hark ! a flutt'ring, gentle noise,
 Comes with Aurora's sweetest breath,
 And all creation wakes from death,
 To vig'rous toil, or wonted joys.
 The rustling wind, the fan of day,
 All noxious vapours blows away :

And

And the bird leaves her callow brood,
 To quest abroad for wholesome food.
 The plough-man, starting from his dream,
 His steeds with painful harness loads,
 And blithely cheering up the team,
 With cracking whip himself applauds.
 The housewife, brushing thro' the dews,
 Careless of cold, drives up her cows,
 And with a song beguiles her toil,
 Her face o'erspread with many a smile.
 Labour to her is pleasure, free from pain,
 Pleasure, rewarded with an honest gain.

IV

The busy world is now employ'd
 In rural labours, never cloy'd ;
 For still enjoyments fresh arise,
 Each in his station learn'd and wise.
 But let me, from this hill behold
 The various features of the morn,
 Where Phœbus darts his rays of gold,
 As in his chariot he's up-borne.
 His horses snort ambrosial air,
 And breathe the fragrance around.
 Rapid, yet calm, he mounts on high,
 And throws his beams in ev'ry eye.
 Steady, from shocks he makes no bound,

But holds the purple reins at ease ;
 And, at each scope, new beauties sees
 Glowing beneath his temper'd glare ;
 While from his brilliant car o'er all the sky
 He spreads his warmth, and smiles in majesty.

V

How awful looks yon ruin'd pile,
 In gothic state once tow'ring high ;
 Where once was seen the humble smile
 Of piety and friendly love.
 Where dire distress forgot to sigh,
 Where hunger never ask'd in vain,
 Where now, alas ! it can't complain.
 Methinks I see the tott'ring pace
 Of wrinkled age, supply'd with bread,
 Where, daily, all its wants were fed,
 Returning home, its grateful face
 Casting its thankful looks above.
 Along its paths, where cattle stray,
 The school-boy plods his irksome way,
 Loiters along the hateful road,
 His teacher's frown his only goad ;
 And thinking on his task, with vacant look,
 Creeps on full slowly by the rail-bank'd brook.

VI

Now from the village pours the croud
 Of lusty peasants, to their toils ;
 With clatt'ring clogs they trudge along,
 And tuning up the chearful song,
 Collect on ev'ry face pure smiles, |
 Such as reside not with the proud.
 In doublets patch'd with various dies,
 With scanty scrips of frugal fare,
 To bend to drudg'ry they prepare,
 And ev'ry thought, but labour, flies,
 Save that which wanders tow'rds their cot,
 Where health and peace have long repos'd ;
 Where ev'ry toil will be forgot,
 When the long day sweet eve has clos'd ;
 And where the wife, from noisy wheel,
 Joyous, at night, throws round the reel,
 That, when returning from the wonted task,
 They may enjoy whate'er from heav'n they ask.

VII

Now from their yards the cows are seen,
 Stretching along, their bags to fill ;
 O'er lawns they range, or pastures green,
 Or hang upon the distant hill.
 How pleasing looks the shelving ground,
 While various shades the prospect blend !

There

There fallows brown, there springing corn,
 There hedges low, the line extend,
 And hanging woods the view adorn.
 There lofty mansions frown with state
 (As on the poor the lordly great)
 On the thatch'd cottages around.
 There the bleak heath's with sheep o'erspread,
 And there a town just rears its head.
 There the faint mountains catch the eye,
 And seem to shelter in the sky.—
 In fine, where e'er we gaze, the grateful mind
 The endless goodness of its God may find.

CONTEMPLATION II.

EVENING.

I

NOW from afar the foreign vessel sails,
 Her canvas fill'd with steady, fav'ring gales,
 Just on th' horizon, scarce in sight,
 I see her stem the ebbing tide,
 Ere clouds bring on the anxious night ;
 While nearer barks at anchor ride.
 Slow, in the west, the sun declines,
 Half curtain'd with the crimson'd sky,
 And, as he sinks, he faintly shines,
 And twinkles feebly on my eye.
 How mild and pensive is the scene,
 From this high rock, that foams disdain,
 At whose broad foot the waters roar,
 With billows dash'd from shore to shore ?
 But still triumphantly he rides,
 While tempests vainly lash his sides,
 And looks indignant at each hollow sound,
 Tho' whirlwinds storm, and angry waves rebound.

II

Now sober TWILIGHT comes in mant'let gray,
 And hides all objects far remote from me,
 Save yonder spire : A church it crowns,
 Where time's relentless rage, in frowns,
 And deep, large chinks, denotes decay,
 And statues moulder fast away.
 There, oft at Ev'NING's still return,
 Have I hung o'er the sacred urn,
 Where hallow'd bones have rested long,
 Borne to the grave with sacred song.
 There oft my eyes have join'd the tear,
 That dropp'd, in anguish, on the bier
 Of husband, wife, of child or friend,
 Who took their long and last farewell ;
 While solemn toll'd the mournful bell,
 That bade mankind the scene attend ;
 While pitying crowds their last, sad office paid,
 And in his grave saw some good neighbour laid.

III

Beneath those hills his flock the shepherd leads,
 And chearful thinks of home each step he treads.
 His children meet him half the way,
 And tell the pastimes of the day ;
 Cling round his neck, or press his hand,
 While sorrow keeps a distant stand,

And

And rapture banishes his toils.
 'Tis sweet sensation ! be it mine !
 Thy peaceful cottage knows no cares,
 While each thy labour's earnings shares,
 And shares thy kind, impartial smiles.
 No statesman's fears invade thy breast ;
 No envious wish disturbs thy rest :
 No loss of hopes from wayward fate ;
 Nor the proud follies of the great :
 Like these thy thoughts will ne'er repine,
 But, at the close of ev'ry happy day,
 Thy heart to heav'n will grateful homage pay.

IV

Now, far remote from ev'ry searching eye,
 The pensive lover heaves full many a sigh,
 Beneath the hawthorn in the dale ;
 And to the ev'ning pours his tale
 Of constancy and slighted truth.
 In such retreats e'en lovers find
 Something to sooth th' unhappy mind,
 And solitude relieves the youth.
 The plough-man whistling comes along,
 Or tunes the rough and rustic song.
 The maid has milk'd her fruitful cows,
 And hastes to hear her Colin's vows.

P

The

The feather'd songsters seek their nests,
 And o'er their nurslings spread their breasts.
 In calm repose all nature lies,
 As from our sphere the twilight flies.
 And humble hearts before th' Almighty bend,
 To thank his care, as Father, God, and Friend.

Written in 1776.

CONTEMPLATION III.

N I G H T.

I

HARK ! how the distant water's fall,
 That murmurs far remote from sight,
 Strikes on my ears with sweet delight.
 Hark ! how the woods receive the sound,
 Whilst silent NIGHT spreads all around
 A solemn calm, its grandeur to disclose.
 The soul, with heav'nly thoughts inspir'd,
 Enjoys the scene, from mirth retir'd,
 And soaring tow'rds yon starry sphere,
 Discovers wonders rising there,
 Obeying the Immortal's call,
 Each shining globe my eyes behold,
 Richer than orbs of solid gold,
 Twinkling its light thro' endless space,
 Decks all creation with the face
 Of rapt'rous wonder and repose.
 Contentment sinks to sleep beneath its eye,
 And nature rests in softest harmony.

II

Beneath yon venerable shade,
 Where aged oaks their boughs have twin'd,
 And ivy-clasps the rugged rind,
 Where summer's green begins to fade,
 And rocky springs fall oozing down,
 In gentlest cadence from the brow,
 Sweet contemplation checks the frown
 Of nature's solitary look,
 And pensive hanging o'er the brook,
 That noiseless creeps in windings flow,
 More joy within her breast receives,
 Than transient pleasure ever gives ;
 Whilst o'er the smoothly flowing streams,
 The moon's unclouded, silver beams
 Reflect, with solemn majesty,
 The full-leav'd trees and studded sky ;
 Or o'er the pond the straw-roof'd cottage throw,
 Where nature's etchings in prospective glow.

III

Whilst thousands now are blest'd with sleep,
 Unknown to misery or pain,
 Oh, give me meditation deep,
 I neither envy, nor complain.
 Blest'd be their slumbers free from care !
 Thrice blest'd be thou, who thus dost share

Thy

Thy sweets around with lib'ral hand !
 Thine is, I own, a just command.
 And tho' thou bid'st the wretch to sigh,
 Still may he walk beneath thine eye,
 This world, with all these beauties cloth'd,
 With this solemnity of night
 That warms it almost into day,
 Compar'd to heav'n, the good have loath'd ;
 Where, when admitted to thy sight,
 Thou wilt their patient sighs repay,
 Where saints and angels from the white-rob'd choir,
 Whose hymns, love, praise, and gratitude inspire.

IV

Here fill'd with awe I raise my eye
 To this extended canopy :
 I view the moon, serenely bright,
 Trembling her lustre o'er the night ;
 I view her pois'd aloft in air,
 Guided by angels in her sphere ;
 Who hold the mirror to our ken,
 To shew the works of God to men.
 Mark with what majesty they bear
 The silver'd globe, and onward steer
 Its solemn course ; whilst here my eye
 Ten thousand beauties can descry.
 The turret throws its side-long shade,

The

The cattle mottle ev'ry glade,
 The lowly cottage on the green
 More striking by its beams is seen.
 Around me all in sweet enchantment lies,
 Whilst o'er my head unnumber'd beauties rise.

V

Here let me pause, and view the scene
 From where th' immortal Godhead reigns,
 To this soft herbage where I tread,
 Beyond yon sphere again arise.
 Unnumber'd, brilliant, concave skies,
 Where endless stars around are spread ;
 There sits enthron'd th' Almighty Jove,
 The great Creator of mankind,
 Beneath whose kind, parental eye,
 An atom, poor and mean as I,
 Seeks for, and meets, protection kind,
 From his unbounded care and love.
 To thee, oh ! pow'r august, divine, supreme,
 Let all creation bend its knee,
 And own thy sacred Deity !
 Oh ! may it be my constant theme,
 Whether I muse beneath the veil of night,
 Or praise the blest return of chearful light !

VI

How does the scen'ry strike my soul,
 While thick'ning vapours dim the pole,
 And flitting clouds hang in the sky!
 Thus oft the calm of life's o'erspread
 With various crosses, which we dread,
 And momentary pleasures fly.
 But soon thy hand, oh ! living God,
 Relents, and throws away the rod,
 And mercy breaks th' uplifted stroke.
 How dare we then thy wrath provoke !
 Assist my strength, ye happy choirs,
 Whose songs of praise his love inspires,
 To celebrate his lenient care,
 Watchful to pardon and to spare.
 For, ah ! the theme for me, weak man,
 Is far beyond my mortal scan ;
 And, wrapp'd in wonder, I that pow'r adore,
 That was, and is, and will be evermore.

The First, Fifth, and Sixth Stanzas, and the Second, to
 " And pensive hanging, &c." were written in 1776;
 the latter Part of the Secoud, and the Third and
 Fourth Stanzas, were written in *October*, 1787.

CONTEMPLATION IV,

The CHURCH YARD.

I

AWAY, ye futile dreams, away,
 Nor tell me happier days await
 To brighten up my sombre fate,
 Or cheer the ev'ning of my life.
 The world and I have been at strife
 Too long, to think of friendship now.
 Pity perhaps, indeed, may strew
 Some faded roses in my way,
 To hide the thorns o'er which I tread;
 But their weak virtue will not spread
 Deeply within my fest'ring wounds.
 Day after day they bleed. In vain
 I seek to whom I may complain.
 But let me turn to heav'n my eye,
 And hope, repressing ev'ry sigh,
 That to my griefs 'twill fix some bounds,
 And, when the adverse gales of life are o'er,
 That it will land me on a happier shore.

II

Of those who moulder here to dust,
 Where many of my neighbours lie,
 Not trophy'd with the marble bust,
 Ah ! is there one to whom the sigh
 Of bitter anguish was unknown ?
 No, no. How fortunate soe'er
 Their lot might be, still oft the tear
 Must from their eyes have trickled down.
 In infancy, in youth, in age,
 Sorrow, still ready to engage
 With smiling joy, has often driv'n
 That sweet bequest of gracious heav'n
 Far from the heart, there seiz'd its place,
 And spread its traces o'er the face.
 But all your troubles now are o'er,
 And ye will be disturb'd no more.

Oh ! may your souls in peace for ever rest,
 And with your gracious God in heav'n be blest'd !

III

But see what hills around me rise,
 Under each heap a body lies,
 Once warm'd with blood, as mine is now ;
 Where many a virtue once did glow.
 In various forms you strike my heart,
 And say, " Tho' late, yet sure's the dart

Q

" That

" That death's relentless hand will throw,
 " Then be prepar'd to meet the blow.
 " If thou be virtuous, persevere ;
 " If thou be vicious, oh ! forbear
 " Thy wicked course of life to lead,
 " Thou soon must mingle with the dead.
 " If thou be rich, oh ! be not vain,
 " Here ev'ry honour is forgot :
 " If thou be poor, oh ! ne'er complain,
 " Death is of all the certain lot ;
 " Who makes no diff'rence, when th' Almighty calls,
 " 'Twixt meanest cottages and proudest halls.

IV

" Observe these graves, around thee spread,
 " Where misery has laid its head,
 " (Mis'ry entail'd on ev'ry age)
 " And listen to the voice of truth,
 " Which, undisguis'd, is here convey'd.
 " These, freshly rising, seem to say,
 " Mortal, employ the given day.
 " Some few weeks past, those who lie here,
 " As heav'n's blest'd ordinance decreed,
 " Were borne upon their fun'ral bier,
 " From flatt'ring health, or vig'rous youth,
 " To this their solemn, closing stage.
 " Those on the right, more level grown,
 " Pointing

" Pointing to pride, aloud declare,
 " That all distinction's levell'd there,
 " Where scarce their former names are known;
 " And tell Ambition, its pursuit is vain,
 " That Death, at last, triumphantly shall reign."

V

Yes, yes, he must ; so heav'n ordains,
 And ev'ry clime and region tells
 How ev'ry hour his empire swells,
 How many thousands pass the bourn
 From whence no travellers return,
 To tell their happiness or pains.
 Whoe'er thou art, who here may'st come,
 To bring thy neighbour to his tomb,
 Pause, and reflect, ere 'tis too late,
 This is to be thy certain fate.
 Desist from pleasure's vain pursuit ;
 Cut off each passion at the root ;
 With fervent soul thy God adore,
 Ere thy allotted time be o'er,
 And pray that, when th' archangels sound
 The awful blast, thou may'st be found
 Rising, with joy, triumphant o'er the grave,
 To meet thy God, who dy'd mankind to save.

VI

But hark ! whence comes yon heart-felt groan ?
 I'm not in wretchedness alone,
 For here, some mourner's tears suppress'd,
 Sink deeper in his harrow'd breast.
 Let me approach his pungent grief,
 And give him, if I can, relief.
 Ah ! 'tis th' unhappy Colin's gait,
 Coming to mourn his lovely mate.
 Now o'er her grave he pensive bends,
 Reflection crowding on his mind,
 That says how good she was, how kind ;
 How much he lov'd, how black the hour
 That tore her from his dear embrace.
 No comfort does he find from friends,
 Into his heart no balm they pour
 Nor do they brighten up his face.
 But hark ! he speaks, be silent ev'ry breath ;
 In him thou hast a living victim, Death.

VII

" Here dost thou lie, my best belov'd,
 " Under this heap of clay, my dear,
 " Thy poor remains unnotic'd lie :
 " My sweet, dear faint—yes, thou art gone,
 " And in a friendless world hast left
 " Thy wretched husband to lament

" Thy

" Thy loss. No more shall I behold
 " Thy smiles, that cheer'd me, when distress
 " Or sickness prey'd upon my days.
 " No more, no more—my God relieve
 " My wretched heart—no more must I
 " The dear lov'd partner of my soul—
 " My tender wife, again behold.
 " Clos'd are her eyes—for ever clos'd—
 " On me they'll smile no more.—My God,
 " My God, receive her soul."—He stops.

Then let me, mildly, on his anguish steal,
 My pity may, perhaps, his sorrows heal.

VIII

Ah ! cease, my friend, who weep'st like me,
 And drink'st the cup of misery.
 I know the cause of these thy sighs,
 And in thy heart how deep it lies.
 What thou hast lost, full well I know,
 And what distracted thoughts arise,
 When thou compar'st those smiling joys
 That waited once on ev'ry hour,
 With what, alas ! thou feelest now.
 But, turn to that kind, gracious pow'r,
 Who on the patient never frowns,
 Whose mercy resignation owns.
 To him thy breaking heart unbend,
 Nor murmur at his just decrees,

Thy

Thy piteous plaints he will befriend,
 Who ev'ry virtuous struggle sees.
 Thou dost not doubt his pow'r and will to bless
 One of his creatures, pining in distress.

IX

Ah ! no : Too well thy soul I know ;
 'T has felt full many a pungent smart.
 With fortitude then meet thy fate,
 And rouse from this desponding state.
 Give me thy hand, and let us leave
 This dear, but melancholy grave.
 Thy loss I feel—for mine rests here ;
 Within my cot we'll shed a tear,
 And talk of those sweet hours we've known,
 Which once, with brightness, on us shone.
 Thou'lt listen to my friendly voice,
 And make the will of heav'n thy choice.
 We must confess his ways are just,
 In whom we hope, in whom we trust,
 Whose blest'd commands we must not scorn,
 Tho' from us ev'ry joy be torn.—
 He but leas'd out our fragile shed of clay,
 To call its tenant, when he pleas'd, away.

Written in NOVEMBER, 1785.

C O N-

CONTEMPLATION V.

The S E A.

I

THE day departs, tho' in the west
 The full-orb'd sun yet nobly shines,
 And, tho' he glimmers on the eye,
 In solemn majesty descends;
 As rapidly he leaves the sky.
 This glassy surface of the seas,
 That scarcely curls beneath the breeze,
 Warms as he hastes his round to rest.
 Th' expanse a glorious scene displays,
 Horizon-bounded, where his rays
 Spread their warm tints, nor can we trace
 Their faint gradation to the blue,
 That throws its colouring o'er the face
 Of heav'n's extensive hemisphere.
 No woods or mountains interfere
 To break or bound th' extensive view,
 But with one glow, enchanting, grand, serene,
 Sweet eve assumes her empire o'er the main.

II

II

The sun is set. A steady breeze
 Bids ev'ry vessel onward steer,
 Whose crews approaching transports please.
 Mean time the seamen, void of fear,
 Take from the bowl a hearty meal,
 And to their fav'rites drink their grog.
 Of them they talk, or tell a tale,
 As smoothly, homewards, with the gale
 They ride at ease. The sky is clear,
 And tow'rds their port, with steadiest keel,
 Their well-trimm'd vessel scuds along.
 No storms are hanging o'er the deep ;
 The bell will call them to their sleep.
 Mean while they sing a chearful song,
 And, in their watch-coats wrapp'd, with care
 They tread the deck, or heave the log :
 Each knot they count, makes distance not so long,
 And on their minds the gentlest feelings throng.

III

The watch is chang'd. They haste to rest,
 In turns, their wearied limbs to ease.
 The hatches shut, with toils oppress'd,
 Their heavy eyelids soon they close,
 Nor do they need a pillow's aid,
 Their watchings fit them for repose ;

And

And the soft murmurs of the seas
 Cast a sweet slumber o'er each care.
 But soon they start with sudden fear,
 Her steady way the ship has lost,
 She heels, and in their cots they're toss'd.
 A busy bustling straight they hear ;
 They rise, but yet are undismay'd ;
 Tho' ropes are clatt'ring o'er their heads,
 And ev'ry foot, that nimbly treads,
 Bids them against a storm prepare.
 Alacrity inspires each dauntless sailor's breast,
 He joins his ship-mates, and foregoes his rest,

IV

The deck's ascended. As 'twas fear'd,
 In gloomiest dress they see the night ;
 The sky is hidden from the sight,
 And ev'ry star has disappear'd.
 The wind is whistling thro' the shrouds ;
 The ship's involv'd in blackest clouds ;
 The sea roars loudly all around,
 And the big, swelling waves rebound ;
 Or, rolling o'er the lab'ring bark,
 Threaten to sink her in the main ;
 Or, swift recoiling, rise again,
 And with a long, tremendous sweep,
 Lift her above the angry deep ;

R

Then

Then wildly sinking, dart her down ;
 Then swell again, and o'er her frown,
 Making dread darkness still more dark.
 While the brisk seamen furl the shiv'ring sail,
 Cling to the yards, and calmly meet the gale.

V

And now thick light'nings round them glare,
 And from the clouds pour forth their fire,
 Swifter than thought they cleave the air,
 And ev'ry heart impress with fear,
 While their flame-bearing darts are hurl'd
 To scatter terror o'er the world.
 The bellowing thunder rolls along ;
 Crack after crack astounds the ear,
 And mixes with the winds, that throng
 To sweep them headlong from the brow,
 Where, trembling, they behold below
 The billows foaming to retire.
 Now dread confusion reigns around,
 In one confus'd, tumultuous sound :
 The pumps with clanks discharge the leak,
 The lumber rattles o'er the deck.
 In heaviest torrents falls the drenching rain,
 And blackest horrors howl along the main.

VI

While tempests thus the bark assail,
 And o'er the agitated deep
 As the rude winds direct, she's driven,
 They give her to the boist'rous gale,
 But fix their firmest hopes in heav'n.
 No skill or art's untry'd to save
 Her straining efforts from the storm :
 Its rage intrepidly they brave,
 While dangers o'er the ocean sweep,
 And on the yards, at ev'ry shock,
 Now mounting high, now dipping low,
 They labour hard, and to and fro
 In their uneasy cradle rock.
 Nor waves, nor winds, nor thunders fright,
 But dauntless they their tasks perform :
 For the rude terrors of the night
 Make no impression on the seaman's soul,
 Tho' fire and darkness mix'd, surround the pole.

VII

But see, the storm abates. The clouds
 Disperse, the sky begins to clear,
 And glitt'ring stars again appear :
 And, tho' the angry waves yet roar,
 Experience sees the storm is o'er.
 Now swiftly climbing up the shrouds,

Alert again they loose the fail,
 Hoist it aloft, and give it pow'r
 To push them forward in their course,
 And suit their tackle to the gale.
 The moon assumes her silver state,
 And spreads her lustre o'er th' expanse,
 On whose rough waves her bright beams dance.
 Now pleasant smiles the morning hour :
 Each chearfully accosts his mate,
 Nor feels he now the tempest's force,
 But coils the ropes, and tunes his careless song,
 Sees the ship snug, and whistles her along.

VIII

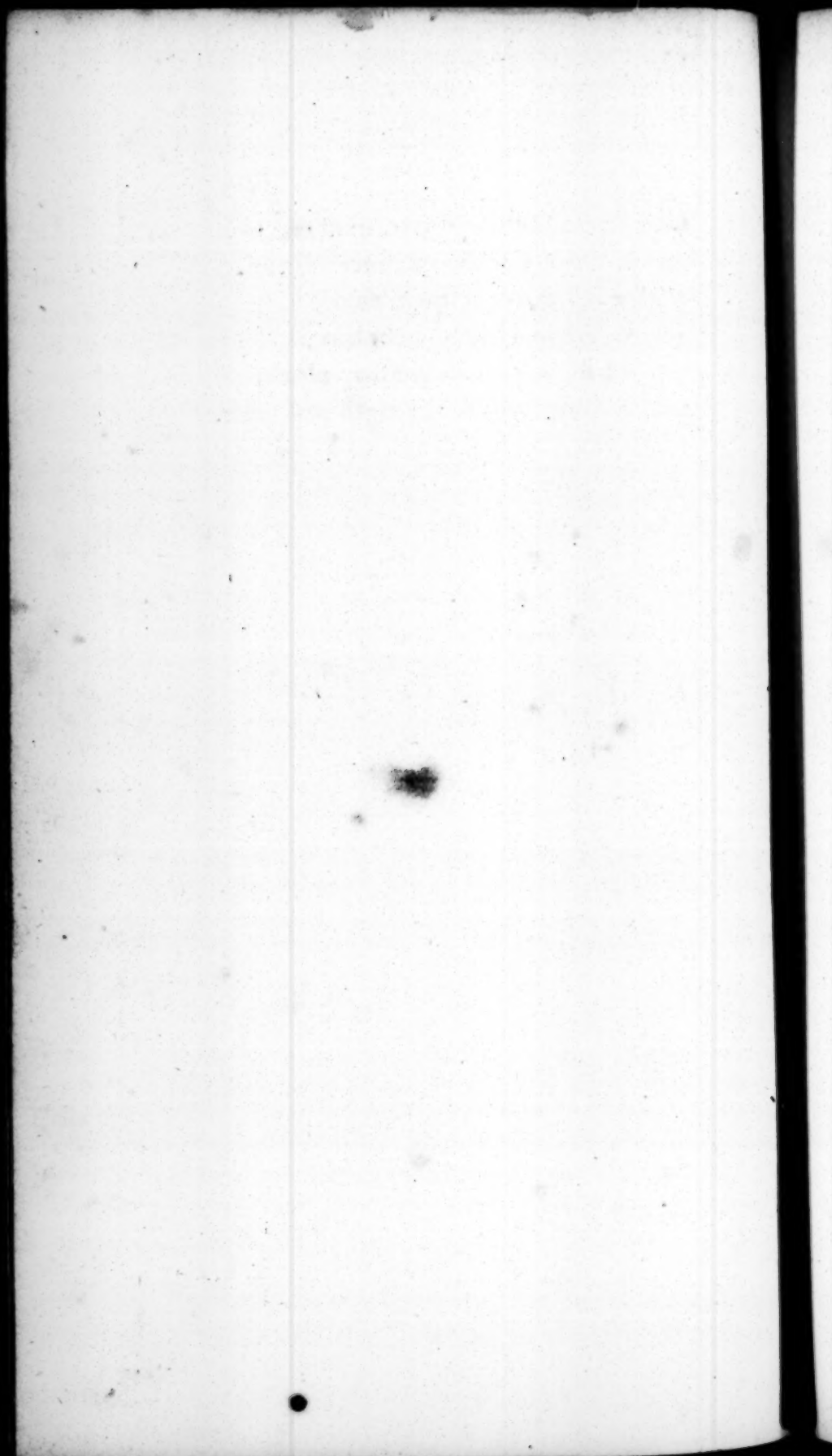
Thus chequer'd are the days of man ;
 Thus varying are the scenes we meet :
 How'er we form our fav'rite plan,
 Joys scarce approach, but they retreat.
 Its golden rays now pleasure spreads,
 Now disappointments cast their shades,
 And soon to them we all should yield,
 Were not our fortitude our shield.
 Let us then struggle at each blow,
 And fix our hopes beyond the skies.
 Our souls superior bliss shall know,
 When happier from each storm we rise.

Each

Each dire distress we meet, must end ;
 For heav'n is e'er the mourner's friend.
 In joys and griefs be then serene,
 Nor with despondency complain ;
 For soon or late, as providence may please,
 The various storms of life at length will cease.

Written in 1784.

E L E



E L E G I E S.

S
W

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V

T
T

E L ' E G Y I.

W I N T E R.

I

STERN Winter now comes on, in rugged form,
And howls o'er desert fields with dreary strides,
With him he brings full many a gathering storm,
And nature all her chearful beauties hides.

II

Off from the mountains frequent waters roar,
And bleak winds whistle thro' each leafless wood.
Vessels are dash'd against some fatal shore,
Or sink beneath the fury of the flood.

III

To these succeed the water-binding frost,
And storms of thick collecting flakes of snow,
The traveller, bewilder'd, oft is lost,
No tracks directing where he wants to go,

S

IV

IV

By hunger driven from the cover'd ground,
Each animal applies to man for food,
Fearless (for once, at least) they flock around,
And to him give the means of doing good.

V

Oft have I seen the Bird of Pity steal
(Howe'er its feelings might with terror quake)
Crumbs from the cottager's poor stinted meal,
And welcome always did the trembler take.

VI

Nor is this rig'rous season of the year,
With all its ghastly train of wants, confin'd
To brutes alone.—Man, man too oft, I fear,
To poverty's keen stroke is then assign'd.

VII

Where are thy feelings fled, thou man of state,
When thy poor neighbour droops beneath thy eye?
Remember, that to be with justice great,
Thou must thy wealth in Charity employ.

VIII

His friendless portion might have been thy lot,
And he the lord to whom thy vassals bend,

Thy

Thy palace might have dwindled to a cot,
And in thy hall he might have been thy friend.

IX

Thy heart expand, the helpless sufferer cheer,
With frugal food from thy rich stores allay
His patient wants. His pray'rs, which heav'n will
Will amply ev'ry benefit repay. [hear,

X

Thousands there are, no doubt, and one I know,
To whom distress ne'er humbly pleads in vain,
From him the poor must ne'er neglected go,
He hears, he pities, and relieves their pain.

XI

Blush not, my humble muse, his worth record,
(Tho' little equal to the task of praise)
And S*****H name:—S*****H by all ador'd,
Can never think that flatt'ry guides my lays.

XII

No, I detest that paltry shield of fools,
And spurn it from my soul, as mean and vile,
The sycophant's sole friend, to guide his tools,
To dupe their hearts, and ruin with a smile.

XIII

Thy praise is just ; and I will freely own,
 Thou draw'st the tribute from my inmost soul :
 Courting no favour, I can fear no frown,
 Nor shall mankind my elegy control.

XIV

Proceed, proceed ; enhance thy honest fame,
 And draw from poverty the grateful smile ;
 The untaught infant lisps thy honour'd name,
 And age and sickness now no longer toil.

XV

And you, ye great, (again I must appeal)
 Embrace the happiness of being kind :
 No man was ever born that could not feel ;
 Then rouse from slumber, and expand the mind.

XVI

Can you reflect, you breathe one common air,
 Form'd, ere your birth, by one almighty pow'r,
 And not resolve to mitigate despair,
 And brighten up one solitary hour ?

XVII

Despise the tiresome scenes of fulsome pride,
 And all the riot of fallacious joys ;

In your retreats your dazzling splendor hide,
And fly from folly's busy rounds and noise.

XVIII

Around your mansions 'mongst the needy spread
Some trifling portion of your princely wealth;
Let the distress'd be eas'd, the poor be fed,
And, if 'tis requisite, relieve by stealth.

XIX

Many there are, who better days have known,
Whom shame forbids for charity to crave;
Find, find them out, their losses make your own,
And the unfortunate with kindness save.

XX

Thus strictly well shall you your wealth employ,
And use it as your God design'd you should;
Within your breast shall swell th' extatic joy,
And conscious happiness of doing good.

XXI

Th' enchanting scenes of life will soon be o'er,
And an eternal world to this succeed,
Where virtuous poverty will sigh no more,
And innocence distress'd no more will bleed.

XXII

XXII

Where charities before th' Almighty plead,
 Whose mercy blots out crimes as they implore,
 Where choirs of angels meet the happy dead,
 And lead them to the God whom they adore.

XXIII

Then while your praise the sculptor'd urns display,
 And marble records o'er your ashes rise,
 Let the reliev'd, in unfeign'd accents, say,
 There our kind friend and benefactor lies :

XXIV

May heav'n reward him with pure joys above !
 May he for ever for his worth be blest'd !
 His pity listen'd to our tale with love,
 His goodness suffer'd none to be distress'd.

XXV

Thus will you comfort to your brothers give ;
 Thus for yourself lay up a lasting store ;
 Thus will your ashes happily survive,
 When worldly pleasures shall exist no more.

Written in NOVEMBER, 1785.

E L E G Y II.

P O V E R T Y.

I

HAIL ! humble Poverty, tho' fear'd by most,
Of many a latent virtue rigid nurse,
Be thou, with all thy simple drefs, my host,
To me a blessing, tho' to some a curse.

II

What tho' no cringing sycophants attend
Thy ragged, lowly roof, thy batter'd shed,
Yet many an honest man's thy steady friend,
Who smiling meets thee daily without dread.

III

Banish'd from courts, where looks like thine
Would damp the smiles that glide around,
In rustic hamlets thou art doom'd to shine,
And in low cottages art chiefly found.

IV

IV

Let me from thence one of thy subjects chuse,
 Into his bosom search, his life explore :
 Such lowly themes become my sylvan muse,
 And teach me gratitude each moment more.

V

A rustic I, from city riots free,
 Tho' soaring higher than a common sphere ;
 Pleas'd and contented with my low degree,
 And humbly thankful for my destin'd share.

VI

Among the poorer tenants of the world,
 (For all are tenants here) I was design'd
 To mix. My wishful sails are long since furl'd,
 And to my humble station I'm resign'd.

VII

Amidst distresses still my hopes foresaw
 With vain delusion ('twas delusion all)
 Some better days, when lo ! the force of law
 Dash'd my fond hopes, and crush'd me in their fall.

VIII

Enough of self : My theme's an humble man.
 And, as a brother, dearer to my heart,

To

To trace his life is here my only plan,
To do him justice, and his worth impart.

IX

Soon as the carrolers of breaking day
Warble their notes of tributary praise,
He rises from his bed to join the lay,
And to his God his thankful pray'r to raise.

X

His duteous task of arduous toil begins,
Destin'd he knows his portion here on earth,
The solemn penance for his num'rous sins,
By heav'n to him assign'd before his birth.

XI

But sweet his labours ! his enjoyments sweet !
And sweeter still his tranquil earn'd repose !
Sweet is his homely bread ! sweet his retreat
That no ambitious disappointment knows !

XII

Th' enobled great, the rich he envys not,
Nor do their wishes e'er invade his breast ;
Content he smiles within his lonely cot,
Performs his task, and leaves to heav'n the rest.

T

XIII

XIII

Bending submissive to the pow'r above,
 Grateful to those who will his time employ;
 He gives to all mankind his friendly love,
 And in himself he seeks his greatest joy.

XIV

His breast, unruffled with the stings of shame,
 More genuine comfort in itself can feel,
 Than crouded vices shelter'd with a name,
 Whose wounds no false enjoyments long can heal.

XV

What are to him, whose summons is to die,
 The pompous sounds of Worship, Honour, Lord?
 In that last moment he with him may vie,
 Shelter'd with more than with an empty word.

XVI

His titles save him not, nor can his wealth,
 Tho' both the *Indies* forth their treasures pour,
 Restore his wonted vigour, give him health,
 Or purchase to his life one single hour.

XVII

His eyes are clos'd, a deathly damp has spread
 O'er all his limbs. His couch a funeral bier.
 His

His former sycophants the sight have fled,
And hirelings now the garb of mourning wear.

XVIII

But see my humble friend, with looks resign'd,
Tho' laid on straw, meets his approaching end ;
Calmly on heav'n he fixes all his mind,
Invokes his God, his Father and his Friend.

XIX

Thankful he bids surrounding friends adieu,
Tho' keen the dart of unrelenting death :
And on his Saviour bending ev'ry view,
Into his hands resigns his parting breath.

XX

Each worthy villager lets fall a tear ;
With his just praise replete is ev'ry breast ;
And while their brother to his grave they bear,
They say, " An honest man is gone to rest."

Written in SEPTEMBER, 1786.

E L E G Y III.

The STORMY NIGHT.

I

AROUND my rural cot bleak blows the wind;
 Against my windows beats the heavy rain;
 The weather is severe, the night unkind,
 Suited to him whose anguish'd thoughts complain.

II

My soul, dull melancholy murmurs grate;
 An universal darkness veils the skies;
 With tend'rest tremblings all my soul's replete,
 Nor is there left one trace of former joys.

III

No! dear delusive phantoms, never more
 Must ye my poor dejected spirits cheer!
 Yet let me still that lenient pow'r adore,
 That gives me for my share—the gushing tear.

IV

IV

Oh ! may my soul to his blest will resign'd,
 Through all the storms of life serenely steer,
 Into his hands give up my stubborn mind,
 And be impress'd with humble love and fear !

V

Yet still ye rage, ye winds, still loudly blow,
 And still in streaming torrents falls the rain,
 And still my tears of heart-felt sorrow flow,
 And of a friendless world I still complain.

VI

But why should I presume to blame mankind ?
 Or why the coolness of the world reprove ?
 No kindnesses from me to me can bind,
 The fellow-creature whom I wish to love.

VII

Whom have I e'er oblig'd ? what goodness shewn ?
 Alas ! through injuries I've been too poor ;
 Nought but a wish I had, and that unknown,
 To me no sweet return can it procure.

VIII

Else had my wish'd-for pow'r of doing good
 Been equal to the feelings of my heart,

But

But few, methinks, my rivals would have stood—
Each day should comfort to the poor impart.

IX

Yet let me not in these my humble lays,
Where my weak talents will but feebly shine,
Strain from the tender heart the tear of praise—
Tho' pity is, and ever shall be, mine.

X

At this late hour of night let me reflect,
That many thousands, shivering with cold,
Meet with the world's unmerited neglect,
The friendless poor, the lame, the blind, the old,

XI

That o'er the ocean tempests sweep along,
Whistling with horror thro' the straining shrouds,
Surge breaks on surge, and heavy billows throng,
To raise the lab'ring vessel to the clouds.

XII

That many an anxious wife and parent feel
The loud increasing wind strike thro' the heart,
And think they see the fav'rite vessel heel,
Almost beyond the dauntless seaman's art.

XIII

Unhappy ye ! whom constant wishes keep
 'Twixt fondly flatt'ring hopes, & trembling fears !
 My gentle sweet ones, close your eyes to sleep,
 Nor dim your supplications with a tear.

XIV

Give the firm bark to heav'n's directing might ;
 Its hand can lift it o'er each threat'ning wave ;
 Its care will bless you with th' enraptur'd sight
 Of those you love, whom by his pow'r he'll save.

XV

Yes those, dear tremblers, tho' your walls may shake,
 And ev'ry star be hidden from your view,
 Repose your confidence ; he'll not forsake
 Mour'ners that sigh and deprecate like you.

XVI

But hark ! I hear the modest hand of woe,
 With hesitation knocking at my door :
 " Unhappy stranger ! whither would'st thou go ?
 " Art thou bewilder'd on these moors, or poor ?"

XVII

A man of courteous looks, and silver'd years,
 Who seemingly has known much happier days,
 Ad-

Admittance begs with silent, modest tears,
His weary'd, feeble limbs awhile to ease.

XVIII

" Welcome thou art, my venerable friend,
" Whate'er has forc'd thee hither to repair ;
" Approach my fire, its warmth I'll quickly mend,
" Be not afraid, here take this corner chair.

XIX

" Come, get him something warm, he's numb'd
" with cold,
" His cloaths too must be chang'd, they're drip-
" ping wet—
" Why don't you stir, you see he's tir'd and old,
" And many griefs, I doubt, his heart beset.

XX

" But why this trembling gratitude, my friend ?
" Enjoy this warmth, enjoy this frugal food ;
" I'm most oblig'd : You know, the noblest end
" Of man's best thanks to God is doing good.

XXI

" Once in your life, perhaps, you had the pow'r
" Of comforting the hapless child of grief ;

" Then

" Then freely give me this short, happy hour,
 " That in my turn affords you some relief.

XXII

" I've felt some chilling frosts, and ere I die,
 " May stand in need of some kind stranger's aid,
 " Whose pity may the want of friends supply,
 " And for a moment raise my drooping head.

XXIII

" You wave your hand, to deprecate the day
 " Whose gloomier frowns my bosom fears to meet.
 " Ah ! amply do your wishes thus repay
 " Th' enjoyed comfort of my frugal treat.

XXIV

" But come, you're tir'd, I see ; go, go to rest,
 " Nor give me thanks for what, by chance, I've
 " done.
 " Your looks proclaim the feelings of your breast,
 " Had I been you, the same I should have known.

XXV

" Well, well, you think that something's done, I
 " know.
 " To think.—The smiles of gratitude are sweet.
 " Oh ! may they from our bosoms ever flow,
 " When to our God our homage we repeat."

XXVI

Now blow, ye winds ! in torrents fall, ye rains !
 One fellow-creature is, at least, reliev'd :
 Beneath my roof, no longer he complains,
 Where poverty shall ever be receiv'd.

XXVII

But yet, thou howling tempest, cease thy rage,
 Thousands of wretches must be still expos'd :
 Then spare, in pity spare their trembling age,
 And let the horrors of the night be clos'd.

XXVIII

And let the man, whate'er his rank may be,
 Whose shelter'd head nor wind nor rain annoys,
 With praise and rev'rence bend his humble knee,
 To thank his God for all that he enjoys !

Written in JULY, 1787.

E L E G Y IV.

INSCRIBED TO THE

MEMORY of Mrs. *NEWBY*.

I

HOW smiles the rosy morn, whilst in the east
The sun, at earlier hours, begins to rise,
And darts his rays, with daily warmth increas'd,
With more refulgence on the plough-boy's eyes.

II

But ah ! to me no more returns the spring,
With all its gay luxuriance of dress ;
No more the feather'd songsters sprightly sing,
No more I see the turtle's fond caresses.

III

Ah me ! why am I doom'd to drink but where
Their daily drops keen disappointments pour ?

Why is distress to be my constant share ?

Why does the thick'ning cloud for ever low'r ?

IV

But yet, why do I heave this plaintive sigh ?

Why does my soul at heav'n's commands repine ?

Are there not wretches more distress'd than I ?

Are there not sorrows heavier still than mine ?

V

No doubt there are. But still the tear will flow,

Still will the struggling sigh escape my breast ;

Tho' heav'n's unbounded, patient love I know—

The justice of whose will I've e'er confess'd,

VI

But does the heart, o'er which few comforts shine,

When from its sluices tears unbidden pour,

At heav'n's decrees, of consequence, repine,

When it recalls some melancholy hour ?

VII

Forbid the thought ! nor let rash man presume

To wrest, from its directing pow'r, his fate ;

Or murmur, for a moment, at his doom—

His judge is merciful, and good, and great.

VIII

Yet when the tendèrest ties exist no more,
 When one dull, gloomy look our prospects wear,
 When ev'ry real joy in life is o'er,
 Ah ! can it be a crime to shed a tear ?

IX

When fifteen years of comfort we review,
 And trace each happy scene with mental eye,
 When for the dead our fondness we renew,
 Ah ! can it be a crime to droop and sigh ?

X

When we remember the first rise of love,
 And what sweet plans we trac'd for future life ;
 Ah ! can a widower's 'plaints offensive prove,
 Giv'n to the mem'ry of a dear-lov'd wife.

XI

When thro' their wonted walks his fancy strays,
 And views the banks where once they sat in peace,
 While round his heart the vanish'd blessing plays,
 Ah ! who may dare to bid his sorrows cease ?

XII

Ye surely will not, who at present know
 What happiness domestic joys impart ;

Ye

Ye will not mock the tributary woe
That rises from a desolated heart !

XIII

Much less will ye, whose widow'd bosoms feel
A kindred sorrow—no, ye'll not despise
These artless lines, but rather wish to heal
The wound, that almost lenient time defies.

XIV

What, tho' no public monument I raise,
To tell the stranger where thy ashes rest ;
What, tho' no long, inscriptive tablet, praise
Thy hidden worth which ever warm'd my breast :

XV

Must thy domestic virtues be forgot ?
Must thou be banish'd from my grieving heart ?
No ; nothing thence shall e'er thy image blot,
'Till I, too, yield to death's relentless dart.

XVI

There shall it rest ; to it will I relate
The sorrowing hours that dwell for e'er with me ;
Beg it to sooth, with fancy'd smiles, my fate,
And for a moment think of love and thee.

XVII

No : never from my soul shalt thou be torn,
 Thou once-lov'd partner of my happier days :
 Thy loss for ever I'll lament and mourn—
 But grant me still thy will, my God, to praise.

XVIII

Oh ! let me then, in pity, shed one tear,
 One poor, one grateful tear, upon her grave :
 Dearer to me she liv'd each aging year—
 But love the valu'd blessing could not save.

XIX

If e'er my pray'rs with greater warmth did pour,
 If e'er to heav'n a heart-felt sigh was borne,
 'Twas at that solemn, dreadful, midnight hour,
 When from my hopes my heart-lov'd wife was torn.

XX

But let me give her to her God resign'd,
 Nor sigh, and wish for vanish'd joys, in vain,
 Her mem'ry rests imprinted on my mind ;
 Tho' never in this world to smile again.

XXI

Oh ! may she then in paradise be bless'd !
 There may she in the Hallelujahs join !

And

And when my friendless head is gone to rest,
Oh ! may the song of triumph then be mine !

XXII

Then fare thee well, my dearest dear, farewell ;
Eternal is our separation here ;
And this poor tribute will but feebly tell
How thou were ever to my bosom dear.

Written in APRIL, 1783.

E L E G Y V.

TO THE MEMORY OF

MY AMIABLE FRIEND Mrs. E. H.

I

'TIS o'er, the solemn awful scene is o'er,
And from this world her soul has ta'en its
flight,
To visit that eternal, happy shore,
Whence none return to view this twinkling light.

II

Before th' Immortal's throne her spirit's fled
To meet her God, in whom her hopes were fix'd;
Mourners she lives in joy—she is not dead;
Among the white-rob'd seraphs she is mix'd.

III

But may not one last sigh attend her bier?
May not a tear upon her urn be shed?

X

Must

Must we resign a friend so justly dear,
And let her lie unnotic'd with the dead ?

IV

Ah ! no. And sure some plaintive, artless muse,
In strains unstudy'd, like herself sincere,
This small memorial will not dare refuse,
When friendship calls upon her grateful ear.

V

To mine be then this sacred task assign'd,
I knew her merits well, her virtues knew ;
Virtues that seldom we must elsewhere find,
Virtues sublime, allotted but to few.

VI

No flattering praise shall in my verse reside ;
No fancy'd beauties shall my pen reveal ;
Truth unadorn'd shall be my only guide—
To her surviving sorrowers I appeal.

VII

Yet why to them appeal ? I surely know
My bosom's thoughts, and them I can unfold ;
With candour give them as they fondly flow,
And in my mem'ry all her virtues hold.

VIII

VIII

Beauteous in form, engaging, modest, mild,
No thoughts of pride e'er swell'd her humble
breast :

Pleasing and gentle, as the gentlest child—
And sensibility was e'er her guest.

IX

To this, perhaps, she gave too large a scope ;
Ah ! much from this, dear woman, didst thou feel !
Oft have I seen the tear of grief and hope
Adown thy cheeks, in solemn silence, steal.

X

Tho' destin'd in a lower sphere to move,
The highest state her merits would have grac'd :
Her artless diffidence, her tender love,
Would not have been, in any rank, misplac'd.

XI

But hark ! methinks I hear the angel speak,
(Amid their happy choirs I hope she's blest'd)
Off'ring with fervour, tho' with sickness weak,
The last, fond pray'r that trembled in her breast.

XII

Th' attending spirits hear it, and convey
 The supplications to the throne of heav'n :
 Weigh well her words, they will her worth portray
 Better than all the praise that can be giv'n.

XIII

" My bounteous God, whose will I've wish'd t' obey,
 " I thank thee for the blessings I have known;
 " On me thou'st lavish'd them from day to day,
 " Thro' every stage of life on me they've shone.

XIV

" In this last hour to thy paternal care
 " (In this my final hour my strength support)
 " My children I bequeath—receive my pray'r—
 " Oh, be they ne'er of vanities the sport !

XV

" The early stain of vices from them drive,
 " Each virtuous thought into their souls instill;
 " Teach them, my God, for thee alone to live—
 " The worst of miseries is living ill.

XVI

" And oh ! my God ! in this one other pray'r
 " Pity the weakness of a woman's heart,
 " And

" And, in thy goodness, lend a patient ear—
 " Thou know'st the bitterest pang of death's to
 part.

XVII

" For the dear partner of my heart I pray,
 " For him, whose kindness never was outdone.
 " Oh ! guard him safe thro' life's too rugged way,
 " 'Till his last glass, as mine is now, be run.

XVIII

" When o'er my grave he sheds a husband's tear,
 " And to his thoughts our happier days return,
 " Oh ! be thy healing comforts ever near,
 " Oh ! teach him still resignedly to mourn.

XIX

" Farewell, sweet babes, dear innocents adieu—
 " Farewell, thou tend'rest, kindest, best of men—
 " Another world is opening to my view—
 " We part, and never here must meet again.

XX

" Oh ! gracious heav'n ! be thy bless'd ear inclin'd
 " To my last wish : Oh ! be the constant guide
 " To the lov'd objects I must leave behind,
 " And over all their days in life preside.

XXI

XXI

“ And when its transitory scenes are o’er,
 “ Oh ! grant us all in happiness to share,
 “ Where, with thy angels, we may thee adore,
 “ In never-ending hymns and joyful pray’r.

XXII

“ But all around me spread the shades of death—
 “ I come, my Saviour, God—I come.”——She
 sigh’d.
 “ Into thy hands I give my parting breath.—”
 In humble hopes she clos’d her eyes, and dy’d.

XXIII

Thus pray’d my valu’d friend, and thus expir’d.
 No record’s wanting to preserve her name.
 When living, lov’d by all, by all admir’d ;
 When dead, her virtues are her noblest fame.

Written FEBRUARY 16, 1788.

E L E G Y VI.

THE DEATH OF
COLONEL WEBSTER.

I

WHAT are thy devastations, cruel war !
How are thy footsteps crimson'd deep in
blood !

Parents and children curse thee from afar,
And nature thinks not of our country's good.

II

Whence came this dreadful scourge, this scythe of
death,

That mows down thousands of the healthiest men ?
Methinks I feel its pestilential breath,
And see each murderous battle fought again.

III

Do ye not tremble, ye who hold a crown,
To send the warrior from his native home ;
To

To gain you some poor, paltry, false renown,
To die in anguish, and to want a tomb ?

IV

My heart recoils, and shrinks at friendship's name,
For man is born to be the prey of man :
Humanity, perhaps, his greatest shame,
And war, vindictive war, his noblest plan.

V

Sheath, sheath thy sword ; thy martial warmth for-
bear ;
Reprefs that haughty look, that furious eye,
Be all thy passions calm, and learn to spare
Whom heav'n's commands forbid thee to destroy.

VI

But ah ! I deprecate, in vain, the wiles
Of crafty statesmen, or th' insatiate thirst
Of proud, ambitious kings, commands your toils,
And, without pity, fees inferiors curst.

VII

Not so the monarch of my native isle,
Whose heart expands at ev'ry tale of grief :
He to his soldiers gives a parent's smile ;
To ev'ry wound his goodness gives relief.

VIII

VIII

With feeling flow his tears when Britons fall :
 Conquests, when dearly purchas'd, give no joy :
 He e'er attends to pity's sacred call,
 And wishes to preserve, not to destroy.

IX

But dire rebellion mocks his patient sway,
 And enemies rise, his dearest rights t' oppose ;
 Numbers are gather'd to impede his way,
 And, locust-like, increase his treach'rous foes.

X

Now in the bosom of a distant land,
 Tow'rs Guildford, ever memorable name,
 Cornwallis leads his small, but gallant band,
 To raise his own and their immortal fame.

XI

By heroes headed, see his wings advance,
 Unusual feats of valour to display ;
 To meet their fellow-subjects, leagu'd with France,
 With twice their number to dispute the day.

XII

Near to the skirts of an extensive wood
 The foe's discover'd, ready for the fight :

Y

On

On rising ground their strong battalions stood,
In part their numbers hidden from the sight.

XIII

And now the charge begins, thick tempests show'r
Of fatal deaths, on ev'ry side they fall ;
The royal troops incessant vollies pour,
Nor does the carnage any heart appal.

XIV

With clouds of smoke the plain is cover'd o'er,
And the rude shocks of war the ear astound ;
Terrific thro' the woods the cannons roar,
And rolling echoes swell the dreadful sound.

XV

Their strength, awhile, outweighs the British line,
But Leslie on the right drives back the foe,
And Webster, steady in his bold design,
Thro' ev'ry obstacle pursues the blow.

XVI

To thee, brave hero, thy fam'd leader's pride,
The second soul that warm'd the glorious cause,
Whose worth not even modesty could hide,
Recording fame has giv'n her warm applause.

XVII

XVII

Here didst thou fall on this hard foughten plain,
 But not 'till vict'ry had crown'd thy brows :
 Here did thy joy o'ercome thy double pain—
 For heav'n had heard thy loyal pray'rs and vows.

XVIII

Fast from thy wounds thy gen'rous life did flow,
 Thy brother soldiers round thee weeping stood,
 Forgot their toils, and with a gen'rous glow
 Wish'd to pour forth their own, to save thy blood.

XIX

The foe retreats, and to you leaves the field,
 And thro' th' encumb'ring trees he safely flies :
 Your strength exhausted, 'tis enough—they yield—
 The Briton gives his thanks to heav'n, and dies.

XX

Yes, thus didst thou, when ev'ry art, in vain,
 Was try'd thy mortal wounds to ease or heal :
 Patience stood by, nor didst thou once complain,
 Whate'er thy secret hopes or wish might feel.

XXI

Some ling'ring days in tortures didst thou lie,
 Thy war-worn followers waiting round thy bed,
 Y 2 Heaving,

Heaving, in anguish, many an anxious sigh,
Whilft from their swollen eyes repose was fled.

XXII

Or if, perchance, o'erpower'd the soldier slept,
He dream'd, and fought the battle o'er again;
His busy spirits for his leader wept,
And starting from the ground he felt thy pain.

XXIII

And now approaching to thy final hour,
Distress, thro' ev'ry tent, bids silence reign,
The vet'ran droops his head, nor has he pow'r
To ask if any hopes of life remain.

XXIV

Thy bosom friends declare the mournful tale,
Their folded arms, their silent, gushing tears,
Their looks to heav'n uprais'd, their faces pale,
All bid the warrior to indulge his fears.

XXV

In ev'ry feeling breast sigh follow'd sigh,
(And ev'ry Briton felt, when WEBSTER dy'd)
The tear of pity flow'd from ev'ry eye,
And ev'ry thought, save grief, was laid aside.

XXVI

XXVI

This was their public monument of praise,
 Due to the hero, who their conquests led ;
 But one superior will his merits raise,
 That ne'er will moulder o'er th' illustrious dead.

XXVII

Patient in labours, and to war inur'd,
 His spirits by distress were never tam'd ;
 With cheerful hopes all dangers he endur'd,
 Nor was his steady temper e'er unfram'd.

XXVIII

In all his actions to himself severe,
 To ev'ry individual free and kind ;
 In friendship ready, open, and sincere ;
 Bless'd with a liberal and ingenuous mind.

XXIX

His better deeds are now rewarded where
 Each virtue in its fullest lustre shines,
 Brighten'd and hallow'd with the grateful tear,
 That in the feeling heart the friend enshrines.

XXX

To late posterity thy worth I give,
 Too much exalted for my nerveless lays,
 In that great record thou shalt long survive,
 Superior to the most exalted praise.

Written in 1782.

E L E-

E L E G Y VII.

THE FUNERAL OF

GENERAL FRASER.

I

WHEN heroes court the arduous toils of war,
And for their king and country bravely fall,
Their spirits mount on a triumphal car,
And their great exits on our pity call.

II

Their actions with a swelling heart we read,
Admire them, as they dauntless meet the storm;
Thro' ev'ry peril with them anxious tread,
And of their dangers strong ideas form.

III

The conflict round us warms, we hear the din,
And loudly in our souls its horrors sound;
At ev'ry fresh discharge the ranks grow thin,
And deathly slaughter purples all around.

IV

IV

Repulsing now, and now repuls'd, again
 They rally, and with carnage undismay'd
 March to the foe, their station to regain,
 Bind up their wounds, and follow where they're led.

V

So form'd th' intrepid band, but form'd, in vain,
 (Fresh forces crouding from the adverse side)
 That bravely fought on Saratoga's plain ;
 So strives the skiff to stem the foaming tide.

VI

Often had FRASER the great shock withstood,
 And often had been forc'd to quit his post ;
 Too irresistible was the fresh'ning flood,
 That pour'd tremendous from th' increasing host.

VII

And now again he waves his hat, and smiles,
 And cheers the spirits of his gallant few :
 " I'll share," he cries, " in all your dang'rous toils,
 " The front of perils will I face with you.

VIII

" Let us resolve, my friends, our fate to meet,
 " As Britons ought to meet it in the field :
 " Con-

“ Conquer, or die, we must—there’s no retreat—
 “ At least whilst I have breath I will not yield.

IX

“ Come, follow me.” He said, and all obey,
 Tho’ death and wounds had thinn’d their ranks,
 But, ere
 The fight’s renew’d, a bullet wings its way,
 And lays him prostrate in his bold career.

X

Thus FRASER fought, thus FRASER nobly fell,
 And only sigh’d to see the fatal day.
 His few survivors oft his merit tell,
 And his deserts to future times convey.

XI

This gallant chief, in animated lines,
 Has drawn the hero and the bosom friend :
 His pen around his fame a chaplet twines,
 That nobly decorates his envy’d end.

XII

But see ; now from his tent his corpse they bear,
 Scarce able to support the scene thro’ grief ;
 Each step is water’d with a pious tear,
 Nor does one hope remain to give relief.

XIII

XIII

Slowly they move, distress in ev'ry eye,
 While to his ashes this last honour's paid ;
 And, tho' around all in vast ruins lie,
 On ev'ry heart a just impression's made.

XIV

The day is closing, and more solemn eve
 Her silence o'er the hemisphere has spread ;
 The trees not ev'n a gentle wind receive,
 But all is silent, to revere the dead.

XV

The moon, with palest dignity that rose,
 Is clad in mourning for the solemn scene ;
 The setting sun its lustre feebly throws,
 And all around the face of sorrow's seen.

XVI

But few attend.—All pomp is laid aside.—
 Such were his wishes as he breath'd his last.
 His nobler soul disdain'd the shew of pride.—
 But grateful Britons look'd to what was pass'd.

XVII

His many virtues rush upon the mind,
 His gen'rous friendship, and his tender care.

Z

They

They see his confidants in tears behind,
Shaking their heads in sorrow and despair.

XVIII

The foldier hastes to join the weeping train,
To give his gallant leader one last sigh :
The wounded for a while forgets his pain,
And almost wishes like his friend to die,

XIX

The sweet contagion thro' the camp is spread,
Privates and Gen'rals, tho' unbidden, join,
To take their leave of the respected dead,
Whose corpse is carry'd thro' a weeping line.

XX

Where e'er it passes, heavy groans resound,
With hands upon the martial brow hard press'd,
Or, bursting into tears, they view their ground
Where the directed bullet pierc'd his breast.

XXI

Now to the grave approach'd ; the bier they rest,
And to the thronging gaze the coffin's bar'd.
Grief, sighs, and sobs, escape from ev'ry breast,
As the last sacred duty is prepar'd.

XXII

But see (and blush they ever for the deed)
 Cannons loud roaring from the hostile lines,
 Afresh makes ev'ry gen'rous bosom bleed,
 While to the earth the hero it consigns.

XXIII

But yet, with reverential awe impress'd,
 Brudenell, with clouds of dust tho' cover'd o'er,
 Performs his function, nor is he distress'd,
 But when he thinks that FRASER is no more.

XXIV

The office ended, see his friends prepare
 To give him to his grave, with trembling hands.
 Involuntary cries now rend the air,
 And friendship feels the fracture of its bands.

XXV

But here sweet pity drops her sacred veil,
 Bids all description cease, as much too faint,
 Conscious that ev'ry soldier more must feel
 Than strongest energy can ever paint.

XXVI

Immortal honours decorate thy shade !
 To all thy country gives, thou hast a claim.

The laurel thou hast gain'd, shall never fade,
'Tis interwoven in the wreath of fame.

XXVII

And, in the arduous hour of fate, may'st thou,
When death or conquest stalks along the field,
Hov'ring around, bid ev'ry hero's brow
Be bound in cypress, ere he stoop to yield.

Written in 1780.

E P I S T L E S.

2 1 1 1 1 1 1

E P I S T L E I.

TO HIS MUCH RESPECTED UNCLE

Mr. *JOHN CARTER*.

WHILE the low taper burns serenely clear,
 That lights a life to all most justly dear,
 Ere its last quiv'ring trembles in the blaze,
 My humble lyre of gratitude I seize.
 Oh! could its notes add fuel to its light,
 Long distant still should be the shades of night;
 With new, reviving lustre, should it glow,
 And rays of charity around it throw,
 Liberal and pure, to no one sect confin'd,
 The noblest portrait of your gen'rous mind.
 My heart, that longs a debt of love to pay,
 Would far remove that melancholy day,
 That sees my more than father breathe his last,
 When the account of all his virtues past,
 Borne by his angels to th' Almighty's throne,
 Pleads for that mercy he has ever shewn.

Far

Far distant then should be the solemn tear
 That silent grief shall drop upon his bier ;
 Far distant from my soul that pensive lay
 That spreads its tribute o'er his honour'd clay.—
 For surely, if my life survive that hour,
 Bending with patience to th' Almighty's pow'r,
 An humble monument my muse shall raise,
 Sculptur'd by truth—not carv'd by fulsome praise:
 For, where his virtues warm the christian's heart,
 Needless is ev'ry master-piece of art ;
 Needless is all the marble's polish'd glare,
 Where with the dead the living artists share.
 Recording mem'ry shall engrave his bust
 On ev'ry heart, when he's reduc'd to dust.
 Long shall his name survive, but longer still
 Shall all his precepts in the bosom thrill.
 Thrice happy they, whose souls from vices fly,
 Who strive like him to live, like him to die.

How longs my heart its feelings to disclose
 To you, to whom unnumber'd thanks it owes ?
 What does my grateful pen but wish to say ?
 Oh ! had I pow'r your goodness to repay,
 The means, with rapt'rous ardour, I would seize,
 Nor idly thus myself, with wishes, tease,
 Fly with the spirit of respectful love,
 And in reality my fondness prove.

But

But when your num'rous favours I recount,
 So great's my debt, so heavy the amount
 Of what I owe you, that I wish in vain,
 And of my poverty for once complain.
 Long under your most hospitable roof,
 Your kind regard has giv'n the strongest proof
 That orphans in their sorrows may be blest'd,
 When pity smiles upon a child distress'd.
 Oft has the sun its annual course fulfill'd,
 And disappointments oft my hopes have chill'd,
 Since first you rear'd me with a parent's care,
 And in your wishes gave my bliss a share.

Can I, my honour'd sir, your favours trace,
 Reflect what kindness beam'd upon your face,
 Recall to mem'ry how you strove to please,
 And shed some comforts o'er my earliest days,
 When but imaginary ills I knew,
 (For who could ever grieve that liv'd with you?)
 Can I on all your goodness daily dwell,
 And not allow sweet gratitude to swell
 Within my breast? forbid th' unfeeling deed!
 My thanks, at best, are but a trivial meed;
 'Yet deign t' accept them flowing from a heart,
 That gladly would those sentiments impart,
 Which e'er should actuate the gen'rous mind,
 That tow'rd's its benefactors is inclin'd,

A a

That

That looks with rev'rence on the pious friend,
Whom strongest language cannot half commend.

And here, perhaps, some sanguine friend may ask,
" Why then do you attempt the arduous task ?
" Why rest his merits not, by those rever'd
" Whom his instructive kindneſſes have rear'd ?
" Why seek for study'd numbers, to display
" The panegyric of a fleeting day ?
" Your lines will ne'er perpetuate his name,
" They're much too weak for ſuch an ample theme."

The obſervation's juſt, I frankly own.
My poor, inſipid pen, will never crown
One ſingle action with th' applauſe that's due.

Nor do you wiſh it : All applauſe to you
And idle pomp has ever been unknown.
Too kind for anger, and too mild for frown,
Not to diſtreſs or your deſerts to raiſe,
With ſiniles you hear the humble thanks of praiſe;
Conſcious that none ſhould ever diſapprove
Nature's ſweet tribute, when it pours its love.

Then give me leave, my honour'd ſir, t' unfold
Some of thoſe thoughts which in my breaſt I hold.
Ne'er from my memory ſhall aught eaze
The ſweet rememb'rance of thoſe happy days,
When

When under your protecting roof I grew,
 And not one want in dawning life I knew ;
 When, with paternal fondness, ev'ry care
 Was ta'en, in virtuous principles to rear
 My forming mind—your ardent wish to see
 Your training orphan from ill habits free.
 Tho' oft I've err'd, the fault, alas ! my own,
 On you my bounteous God will never frown :
 But if a spark of virtue e'er appear,
 Your counsels strike it, and to heav'n they're dear ;
 Engrav'd within my breast they still remain,
 And bid me this pursue, and that refrain :
 And tell me, whilst on earth we're doom'd to live,
 Virtue alone true happiness can give.

How can I e'er those benefits repay ?
 Do thou, sweet gratitude, point out the way.—
 But vain are all attempts. I cease my lays,
 And love, in silence, whom I cannot praise.
 Yet let me close them with one fervent pray'r,
 As some return for all his watchful care.

May heav'nly bliss your pious wishes wait,
 And angels open the triumphal gate !
 With never-fading palms, with choral joy,
 And songs of praise, which fears will ne'er destroy,

Oh ! may they lead you to th' Almighty's throne,
Whose goodness smiles on those, who've goodness
done !

Oh ! be each future moment like the past !
And heav'n break on you, as you breathe your
last !

E P I S T L E II.

T O

Mr. J—— C——R.

A CCEPT, dear sir, this off'ring of my muse,
 Read o'er its contents, and all faults excuse;
 Nor turn the artless rustic from your door,
 I'm sure she's honest, tho' I doubt she's poor;
 Nay more, she is so diffident, I own,
 That she'll be silent, if she knows you frown.
 Then bear, in pity, with her awkward ways,
 And kindly sooth her, when you cannot praise.
 When you've examin'd her, I trust, you'll find
 The faithful portrait of a feeling mind;
 But, in retirement nurs'd, from crowds remote,
 Little she knows of compliments by rote;
 Simply she speaks the dictates of a heart
 That ne'er in friendship sought the aid of art.
 No.—From my soul, which ne'er shall meanness
 know,
 The stale disguise of flattery I throw,

And

And rather do I wish in truth to shine,
Than in the smoothness of the polish'd line.

It matters not, when to my friend I write,
How my plain muse may help me to indite ;
Nor care I whether my unlabour'd lays
Claim the keen critic's censure, or his praise ;
Alike to me (no candidate for fame)
Is forc'd applause, and unrelenting blame.
I to that heart for refuge e'er shall turn,
That beats to mine, and spiteful rancour spurn,
Pleas'd, if my friend is pleas'd, nor care I why.—
To friendship's placid countenance I fly.

Hail ! dear, delightful band, where hearts unite,
Whom distance severs from each other's sight !
My bosom's feelings may'ft thou warm with thine !
Which to thy influence I with joy resign.

But here my friend, perhaps, will smile, and say,
“ My cousin surely means some farce to play :
“ Else, why to me in uncouth numbers write ?
“ Of trash, he knows, I hate the very sight.
“ I wonder why such stuff to me he sends,
“ Who've Pope and Dryden at my fingers' ends.

Have patience, sir, let friendship plead my cause,
I'll stand or fall by its unerring laws.

Thus

Thus then I state my case, which you'll peruse ;
I'm sure it won't offend—it may amuse.

Sometimes I find a leisure hour to spare,
Which with my absent friends I wish to share.
I take my pen, down at my desk I sit,
And scribble nonsense oft—for want of wit ;
Look o'er the blotted sheet with laughing eye,
And hope good nature will no faults descry.

Sweet is the converse of th' unblushing page,
The servant of the thoughtless and the sage,
The faithful messenger from ev'ry clime,
In modest prose, or loftier soaring rhyme ;
The gentle soother of distress or pain.
Here modesty may venture to complain ;
Here humble talents, such as given to me,
May dare with brighter geniuses make free.
This liberty all claim. What wonder, then,
If bards as dull as I have seiz'd their pen,
Have spun out poems void of common sense,
(To which all must allow I've some pretence)
To please their fancy, empty, foolish, vain,
And from the rabble some applause to gain,
What wonder is't I give these lines to you ?
I plead, I've something nobler in my view,
Which, tho' by dear self tinctur'd, merits praise—
My great ambition is—my friend to please.

Should

Should this fond wish succeed, a flatt'ring train
 Of pleasing thoughts, will crowd upon my brain.
 Amongst my foibles this is one, I own,
 I wish to merit praise, and hate a frown.
 Yet think not that my soul aspires too high :
 For many faults e'en partial friends descry,
 Check my ambition, stop my bold career,
 And whisper kind instructions in my ear :
 To those instructions may I ever bend,
 And thank the deepest probings of a friend !

You see, dear sir, my hopes are not too vain ;
 No man shall ever of my pride complain ;
 For if, on earth, aught could that pride elate,
 'T would be the seal you'd fix upon my fate.
 For tho' sound, solid sense, prevail with you,
 You give my merits more than is their due.
 This foible's yours (and who's from foibles free ?)
 You treat your friend with partiality.
 'Tis an incentive, spurs me on to more,
 And makes me con your lessons o'er and o'er.
 When I improve, the hours I've spent with you
 Rush on my mem'ry pleasing, but too few.
 Oft then I wish, when by my pebbled stream
 Alone I walk, and happiness my theme,
 That one delightful shade might screen our walk,
 Where undisturb'd we might together talk,

Where,

Where, far sequester'd from all noise and care,
 In ev'ry calmer blessing we might share.
 Then might my muse attempt a loftier strain—
 But ah ! a wish like this is bold and vain :
 Contented with my lot, oh ! may I rest,
 Nor nurse th' ideal pleasure in my breast !

And yet my fancy leads me thro' each scene,
 Improving; unambitious, and serene.
 It hears the zephyrs rustling in the trees,
 Each lovely walk, each resting place it sees.
 For often would we rest, and oft inquire,
 If we lik'd this, if that we did admire.
 And when, at eve, we sought our peaceful home,
 To cherish night each social joy should come.
 Of various sorts should be our frugal fare,
 Of which each welcome visiter should share.
 Sometimes the bold and energetic page,
 When read by you, attention should engage,
 In ev'ry passion all my soul should join,
 And feel the beauties of the strengthen'd line.
 We too of politics would sometimes chatter,
 But spare mankind, yet no man's vices flatter.
 And if our worthy cuz from H——TE lane,
 Whose life is painful pleasure, pleasur'd pain,
 Who spends his time 'twixt pray'r and doing good,
 Justly esteem'd, not justly understood,

Whose countenance austere a heart conceals,
 That ev'ry gen'rous inclination feels,
 If he should come to variegate the scene,
 That night, at least, we'll bid adieu to spleen :
 A friendly wrangle would, of course, ensue.
 'Twixt him and Mary, not 'twixt me and you,
 True to their text, they'll both maintain they're right,
 But mind, they'll talk in charity—not spite.
 Then you should knit your brows, and smile, and
 joke ;

And I (you're not surpriz'd) my pipe would smoke.
 And then—But 'tis delusion all. Away
 Ye transports of a visionary day,
 To me ye never were by heav'n decreed.
 And to these fondly-imag'd scenes succeed
 The dreary dragging hours, nor good, nor ill,
 That all the pages of my life must fill.
 But let repining cease ; I bend my knee,
 And meet, resign'd, my friendless destiny.
 Since then to live together is not giv'n,
 Let us enjoy one privilege of heav'n ;
 Let our fond fancies tow'rs each other stray,
 No cruel bars can stop them in the way.
 Let us renew the pleasures we have known,
 And cultivate the seeds of friendship sown.
 Within my heart the plant shall ever shoot,
 Nor shall the breath of envy hurt its root :

Long

Long may it, screen'd from malice, flourish there !
 Kind heav'n receive my solemn, fervent pray'r !
 My friend's esteem, oh ! may I merit long,
 Not purchas'd by a trifling, simple song !
 No : Let my anxious wish of copying him
 Supply the place of mere caprice and whim !
 And may my talents, tho' of less degree,
 Be dear to him, as his have been to me !
 May sweet benevolence his actions guide !
 May virtuous honour o'er his heart preside,
 And health and happiness his days attend !
 Thus prays his absent, faithful, humble friend.

E P I S T L E III.

TO THE SAME,

ON HIS PAYING A VISIT TO HIS FRIENDS.

WELCOME, thrice welcome is my dearest friend,

On whom may ev'ry blifs in life attend !
 Nor let him think that from my pen I throw
 Those wishes that in honest bosoms glow
 With wanton carelessness, as if at ease,
 Merely to catch his smiles, and claim his praise.
 No, valu'd fir, tho' I must ever prize
 Your partial plaudits, yet I can despise
 All meaner tricks to strain them from your heart—
 Applause, thus gain'd, no rapture can impart.
 Dear as I hold a friendly critic's praise,
 I would not purchase it by dirty ways,
 (And what's more worthless than a flatt'ring fool,
 Who throws his soul aside, and writes by rule ?)
 No, may I rather feel the rankling thorn
 (That wounds our pride) of just contempt and scorn,
 Than,

Than, by the dull, disgusting cant of praise,
A forc'd return in other bosoms raise.

But when I love a friend, my soul shall glow,
The breath of envy shall not stop its flow,
And all its secrets that dear friend shall know. }

No titt'ring laughter, no scholastic pride,
Shall ever make me my fond wishes hide.

Then welcome, welcome is my honour'd friend,
On whom may purest pleasures e'er attend !
Welcome to all he comes, but most to me,
Whose heart has long'd this happy day to see.

Twelve times the moon has in her orbit roll'd,
Since my fond hopes with flattery were told
That some few weeks amongst us you design'd
From deeper studies to unbend your mind.
Elate I heard the news, foresaw the day,
Unbent my thoughts, and gave my fancy play,
Thro' many a pleasing, changing scene it stray'd,
And air-form'd rapture wreath'd my tow'ring head:
I met your smiles, with idle talk I teas'd,
And on th' ideal bliss with transport seiz'd.
But 'twas delusion all. My castled brain
Built the sweet structure but to give me pain;
The baseless fabric vanish'd from my eyes,
And left no traces but vain fruitless sighs.
For, when the long-expected moment came,
I gaz'd, enquir'd, in vain I sought your name.

No

No friend was heard of, all my hopes expir'd,
And I return'd, untun'd, chagrin'd, and tir'd.
But ah ! how childish was this fretful mood,
When all, at last, is turn'd to réal good !
Had you revisited your friends last year,
We should not now have seen you smiling here.

Thus heav'n in kindness often keeps in store
Its greatest blessings, but to blefs us more.
Then how dare mortals, in their weakness, scan
The portion it designs to give to man ?
How dare they wish to fathom its decrees,
That gives us, or withholds, what best it sees ?
If some, at present, float along the stream
Of joys unruffl'd, and more happy seem,
Another tide with equal joys may flow,
And equal pleasures in our hearts may glow.
Enjoyments, when deferr'd, are doubly felt,
And come more valu'd, when they're later dealt.

Judge then, dear sir, what pleasure I must feel,
(Its sweet sensations on my bosom steal,
As my swift pen these simple lines runs o'er,
On which I fondly think my friend will pore)
Whilst in my soul your smiling image plays,
And tow'rds you from myself my fancy strays.
Methinks I see you read the well-known scrawl,
You break the seal, and cast your eye o'er all,

Shrug

Shrug up your shoulders, and with kindness say,
 "How does my friend upon my foibles play !
 "A flatt'ring word he now and then throws in,
 "But as he meant it well, 'tis no great sin.
 "I know his heart, it will not condescend
 "To stoop to meanness, to procure a friend.
 "Whate'er he says flows freely from his quill—
 "I must excuse him, as he means no ill."

Thus let me write, nor deem th' intrusion rude,
 O'er my own sorrows but too much I brood :
 No friendly voice e'er cheers my lonely days,
 Destin'd to pass without content and ease.
 Then let me snatch one gilded hour from grief,
 And be you blest'd who give me this relief.

But may I ne'er (on self too much intent,
 On that poor, futile object, always bent)
 The nobler calls of charity despise,
 That raises even mortals to the skies,
 No. Let me wander thro' the world unknown,
 My house an open barn, a heath my throne,
 Ere from my heart one hapless child of woe
 I impiously presume, in pride, to throw.
 No wantonness like this shall dark my soul,
 Of God's creation may it love the whole !
 With some I may be wrong, with you I'm right;
 To see all happy, is your chief delight.

Can

Can pride and consequence so fashion'd be,
As not to feel and melt for misery ?
Oh ! if they can, may heav'n be ever prais'd
That I am not above the common rais'd !
May I amongst its lowliest creatures creep,
Resign'd, if all with true contentment sleep !
Which, tho' from me it be for ever fled,
I wish to smile in ev'ry humble shed.

That mean, that avaricious passion, *Self*,
(Howe'er ourselves we love) nor all the pelf
That e'er the Indies pour'd, mankind to curse,
Shall ever make me in my wishes worse.
May all be happy ! Here your wishes join,
And heav'n receives them, intermix'd with mine.

But ah ! how do I from my subject stray ?
How do my wishes with my fancy play ?
Forgive the whimsies of a poet's brain,
Who has but few to whom he can complain.
And yet, while gladness beams on ev'ry face,
Why, why on mine alone must sorrow trace
The cold, dark wrinkles of unhappy fate ?
When friendship smiles some better hours await,
Which o'er us fondly, for a while, reclin'd,
Should dissipate all gloominess of mind.

Then

Then hence begone, ye fullen cares, hence fly,
 Ye shall not me approach, when friendship's nigh.
 No. When its chearful voice I wistly hear,
 My bosom knows not what it is to fear.
 Distress, in vain, its loudest tempest blows;
 I laugh at all the shuffles of my foes.
 Unmov'd I see each cunning, well-form'd plan,
 And find myself, for once, a happy man.
 What wonders do not its sweet smiles perform?
 They guide us safely thro' the art-rous'd storm;
 They bid us placidly the rocks survey,
 On which we're destin'd to be cast away;
 Safely thro' muddy shoals our bark they steer,
 And bid the clouds of mis'ry disappear.

Then welcome be that long-expected day,
 (The subject of my plain, but honest lay)
 That once more gives me my lov'd friend to meet,
 More wish'd-for than e'er was the costliest treat!

What are the feasts that pamper'd gluttons court,
 Of ev'ry wild intemperance the sport?
 'Tis true, our spirits for the hour they raise,
 And, madmen-like, the luscious wines we praise,
 Grow frantic with fictitious joys, and think
 We're then most happy, when like brutes we drink.

But give to me the friendly *flow of soul*,
The feast of reason, and the frugal bowl.
 A chearful glass, as long as means afford,
 I would not banish from my frugal board.
 But if to poverty, at length, assign'd,
 No wine must sparkle, let me meet the mind,
 Which, not by riches weigh'd, will still commend,
 Or gloss the harmless errors of his friend.
 That social heart conviction brings to view,
 And paints its virtues, when it turns to you.
 Then let me seize, with warmest thanks to heav'n,
 These joyful moments to my wishes giv'n.
 My bosom friend at length I shall behold,
 To whom I many a simple tale have told ;
 From whose acquaintance (that's a meanless word,
 'Tis something—nothing—'tis with me absurd—
 It suits not with my warmth—'tis frozen—cold—
 And melts not with the sentiments I hold)
 From whose dear friendship, let me rather say,
 Content will scatter one enliv'ning ray
 To warm my desolated heart, to cheer
 A few distinguish'd moments of the year.
 Mild happiness shall mark the silver'd days,
 Which long shall be the subject of my praise.
 Dull, dreary thoughts, shall ne'er invade my breast
 While you are here, my griefs shall be at rest :
 Once more my face shall brighten up, and smile,
 And ev'ry latent sorrow I will foil.

You

You too shall feel your spirits all elate,
And kindred joys o'er all your thoughts shall wait.

My second father, whom we both revere,
Our honour'd uncle, meets you with a pray'r ;
With more than love his rev'rend age you see,
And heav'n smiles on you as you bend your knee.
How throb the feelings of your grateful breast,
Whilst in your hand his hand is fondly press'd ?
Much do you wish to say, but wish in vain,
Whilst angels, pleas'd, behold the tender scene.
Nor less sensations his bless'd bosom warm,
In kindred love there is a kindred charm ;
Each feels its impulse, owns its pow'r divine,
Where nature, friendship, gratitude combine.
Your worthy cousin too, from flatt'ry free,
(Who more avoids all pomp of words than he ?
Yet, were his sentiments like mine expos'd,
Friendship as warm, I'm sure, would be disclos'd)
With hidden pleasure he his guest receives,
And, from his heart, a cordial welcome gives.
Too honest to descend to tinkling praise,
He does far more than what he ever says,
Maria too unites in each desire,
And only blames the weakness of my lyre.
As for myself.—But sure I've wove enough,
Unless my web were made of better stuff.

More would be fulsome. Let me then conclude,
And on your better time no more intrude.
May ev'ry untold wish, that warms my breast,
Be ratify'd in heav'n, and make you bless'd !
For welcome, welcome is my honour'd friend,
On whom may purest joys for e'er attend !

E P I S T L E IV.

T O

Captain *D—— F——H*,

ON HIS SAILING TO THE EAST INDIES.

ERE for the Indian shore you loose the fail,
 And give its swelling bosom to the gale ;
 Ere from your strongest, dearest ties you part,
 Accept th' effusions of a grateful heart ;
 Nor hold my rustic lines in less esteem,
 If feeble, in comparision, they seem.
 However simply honest wishes flow,
 We read with patience, when the man we know,
 Who takes his pen, by warmest friendship mov'd,
 T' unfold his bosom to a heart belov'd.
 Such are my thoughts, and such my chief desire,
 Whose soul the calls of gratitude inspire.
 And tho' I wish (but ah ! I wish, in vain)
 My stinted pow'rs might use a loftier strain

For

For the sweet hour, when writing to a friend,
In stronger lines my candid thoughts to send ;
Yet why should this my eager wishes check ?
Tho' no poetic force my letters deck,
Sincerity is all you'll wish to find,
You'll only trace the secrets of the mind.

Then let me, without fear, my friend address,
He'll take all kindly ; in return he'll bless
That drooping heart, whose artless numbers dare,
Amongst its friends presume its thoughts to share,
Which, tho' in rustic language poorly dress'd,
Its real sentiments has e'er express'd ;
I know not when one single line I wrote
That did not honestly convey my thought.
No. From my soul I safely can declare,
However weak, that honest was my pray'r,
That no one fulsome word was ever coin'd,
Or from the store of flattery purloin'd,
And that, whate'er my other faults my be,
From all hypocrisy I here am free.

Yet think not, from this rambling of my pen,
I boast of virtues more than other men :
No : Belcour-like, I most esteem that friend,
Whose prudent counsels strive my heart to mend,
Who kindly chides me when I'm acting wrong,
And trembles lest I should my faults prolong.

Of

Of self enough : for much I have to say,
 Ere my respected friend be call'd away ;
 Ere from Britannia's coast he turn the prow,
 To buffet billows, and the ocean plow ;
 Ere to domestic comforts, and their smiles,
 He bid adieu, to meet with cares and toils ;
 And ere, in quitting each enraptur'd scene,
 He know the agony of mental pain.

But let me not advance that solemn day,
 When hearts united seem to die away ;
 When, flying from themselves, with love they rush
 Into their other soul, whose tremblings gush
 With speechless anguish from the deaden'd eye,
 When love's return'd with love, and sigh with sigh;
 When their dear partner they with fondness view,
 And with a trembling hand they wave adieu.

Forgive my tender'd, too officious heart,
 'T has felt, alas ! what 'tis from love to part,
 Whose gentlest pleasures, once, it fully knew,
 Sweet as those happy joys that smile on you.
 Oh ! may no adverse stroke, keen and severe,
 One real blessing from your bosom tear !
 Oh ! may kind providence the hour remove,
 That gives your parting tear to those you love !
 While down the stream of disappointments borne,
 And from my former envy'd comforts torn,

I catch

I catch the twigs of hope, but catch, in vain,
 They break, and plunge me down the stream again,
 And from my heart, depress'd with deepest sighs,
 The dawn of happiness for ever flies.

But cease, ye gloomy thoughts.—To heav'n
 resign'd,
 Let me give up the murmurs of my mind !
 Let me submissive bend before its throne,
 And all its undeserved mercies own !
 I do, my friend. Now let me give to you
 My very soul, and bare it to your view.
 You must excuse—yes—yes I know you will,
 My want of energy, and want of skill.
 No lines harmonious e'er must drop from me,
 But ev'ry line shall breathe sincerity.

Whilst o'er the expanded sea your course you steer,
 And give, each day, to many a heart a tear,
 Whene'er with me those anxious wishes rest,
 That sit so warmly in the father's breast,
 Oh ! be assur'd the errors I shall see,
 And virtues praise of him you've left with me :
 These train to honour with a parent's care,
 Those check with tenderness ; yet never spare
 Reproaches to his faults, when justly due—
 But the occasions will, I hope, be few.

Irksome

Irksome to me reproofs have ever been,
 And seldom vented in a fit of spleen ;
 Correction, from my hands, but rarely flows,
 And my weak heart receives the hateful blows :
 For long experience teaches me this truth,
 That words do more than chastisements with youth.
 Catch but the heart, confirm affection there,
 And love will more effect than servile fear.
 The soul, as conscious to itself from whence
 It nobly sprang, alarm'd, feels every sense
 Indignant glow, when punishments debase
 Its origin divine, and heav'nly race.
 But when the temper'd frown, with timely skill,
 Points out a fault, or bends the stubborn will,
 The angry look when fondness supersedes,
 And to a gen'rous heart directly pleads,
 The teacher moulds it on a nobler plan,
 And early forms the feelings of the man.

Such are the means I ever have pursu'd,
 Yet wish I not on other plans t' intrude.
 Thousands there are, who, to this trust confin'd,
 By various roads, form many an op'ning mind.
 I have a nobler and more honest aim—
 I wish, dear sir, your confidence to claim.
 That, when remote, with other thoughts distress'd,
 Your fears may here, at least, be calm'd to rest.

True to my trust, your place I will supply,
 And train your darling with a father's eye ;
 That in your wishes I may have a share,
 When I resign my delegated care.

My bounteous God ! here may one comfort shine !
 Grant this exalted blessing may be mine !

And now, methinks I see your sails unfurl'd,
 Your canvas swelling tow'ards the Eastern world ;
 Slowly from ev'ry joy you seem to glide,
 And, by degrees, to lessen on the tide.
 The hull is lost, the sails too disappear,
 Whilst o'er the bosom of the sea you steer.
 Oh ! be it like the lake, o'er which the breeze
 Skims its soft breath, and waves reflected trees !
 May no rebounding billows widely roll,
 To damp your manly fortitude of soul !
 To drive you on, may fav'ring gales conspire !
 And be your passage as your hopes desire !
 Or should rough tempests o'er the ocean sweep,
 And tow'ards the sky impel the angry deep,
 Snug be your masts, your tackle all secure,
 And safely may you ev'ry storm endure !
 Slow may you rise on the swell'd mountain's brow,
 And calmly with it sink again below !

Swift

Swift may you scud, with steady helm, along,
 Enliven'd with the seaman's hearty song;
 Who, when day closes, o'er the welcome bowl,
 With talk of absent friends cheers up his soul!
 May some good angel hover round your bark,
 From hidden rocks divert you in the dark,
 From shoals and shelves direct the steering hand,
 And keep you far from unexpected land!
 Oh! may that delegate of heav'n repel
 The gath'ring hurricane, and white-foam'd swell!
 Or, should the howling storm with fury rage,
 May his commanding voice its force assuage!
 And, dissipating ev'ry adverse gale,
 With prosp'rous breezes fill each steady sail!
 And, when returning for the long'd-for shore,
 When all your labours and your toils are o'er,
 May rapt'rous joy its eager arms extend,
 And give its bosom to its welcome friend!
 And chiefly the sweet darling of your breast—
 But cease, my muse, and leave to heav'n the rest.

And should its sacred will prolong my time,
 'Till you land safely in this fav'rite clime,
 No heart, than mine, will more rejoice to hear
 That you, at length, have finish'd your career
 Of anxious danger, and of watchful toil,
 Among your friends, once more, at ease to smile.

Or if my life should have been forc'd to yield
 To preying grief, 'gainst which there is no shield,
 In some one moment let me think you gave
 A pitying tear o'er my neglected grave,
 Where but few sighs to mem'ry will recall
 The humbled man, who was a friend to all ;
 Where undisturb'd the spreading weeds shall grow—
 An emblem of a heart o'er-run with woe.
 But tho' my portion be to pine in grief,
 Patience my only balsam and relief.
 Oh ! may all happiness attend on you !
 And be my wishes heard ! Dear friend, adieu.

E P I S T L E V.

T O

Mrs. *F*—*H*,

IN HER RETIREMENT AT BLACKHEATH.

GO, humble lines, that happy cot attend,
Where purer air revives a partial friend,
Where affability your strains will suit,
And of my wishes reap the pleasant fruit.
If you but give her one weak glimpse of joy,
'Twill well repay the time I thus employ.
Pleas'd she'll receive this effort of my muse—
Her heart's too good the tribute to refuse.

Go then, and in her ivy'd cottage wait,
With more delight, than in the house of state ;
That forc'd politeness, which is met with there,
I'll promise you, from her you need not fear.
Too much delighted to receive a friend,
Your humble worth she'll chearfully commend,
Pafs

Pafs o'er all faults, if any faults ſhe ſee,
And treat you kindly, for the ſake of me.

Now let us view the various proſpects round,
The riſing hills, the meads, and fallow ground,
The herds of oxen, and the flocks of ſheep,
The cumb'rous wain that winds along the ſteep,
The diſtant water, or the near canal,
With walks more health-reviving than Pall Mall.
The garden, fill'd with many an evergreen ;
The turnpike road, where royal mails are ſeen ;
Or coaches rattling to ſome neighb'ring inn,
Where cits, on Sundays, ſhun the city's din,
And pent up in a room, with pipes and wine,
Enjoy the country, puffing as they dine.
Whilſt you, retir'd from ev'ry buſtling care,
In better buſineſs your moments ſhare,
See, from your cot, the follies of the age,
And are the chorus of your rural ſtage ;
And, as the actors quit your varying view,
Can moralize among the happy few,
Hold the world's mirror at a diſtant ken,
And praiſe, or pity, the purſuits of men.
Improve where virtue throws a brighter ray,
And mildly look on thoſe who go aſtray ;
From what is good, add ſtores unto your mind,
From what is bad, to good be more inclin'd.

But

But let us leave the busy world to him
 Whose life's a compound of excess and whim,
 Who ne'er is easy while he sits at rest,
 Of ev'ry folly doom'd to be the jest.
 Far other objects your fond heart pursues,
 Confin'd to humbler, but more tranquil views.
 Oh ! be they long unruffled and serene,
 And may you never form one wish in vain !
 May your appointed path with joy be trod,
 Beneath the smiles of your protecting God !
 Yes, we will quit this tiresome, rattling scene,
 Where some find joys, where thousands meet with
 pain,
 And cross your threshold, hail our friend within,
 Heav'n's happy favourites (they're free from sin).
 Methinks I see them sweetly smile asleep,
 Their guardian angels pleasant watchings keep,
 Whilst heav'n's commands they anxiously obey,
 And ev'ry danger from them drive away.
 Dear innocents, now lock'd in happy rest,
 May ev'ry virtue grow within each breast !
 Pure and unfully'd may the garment be,
 That gave your souls to Christianity !
 But see they waken, to your care they fly,
 While joy and transport gleam in ev'ry eye,
 Lisp out a tale of love, then snatch a kiss,
 Smiling, assur'd they cannot do amiss ;

While

While your maternal heart with rapture glows,
And but one want in all your wishes knows.

How often, when around your cot you stray,
Your babes attending, do you sigh, and say,
“ Ah ! my sweet loves, were but your father here,
“ Your happy mother would not have one fear ;
“ But now remote, far o’er the distant main,
“ When, when, my dears, will he return again ?
“ When will that hour arrive, that blesses me,
“ When I my greatest joy on earth shall see ? ”

’Twill come : to heav’n submit the wish’d-for time,
That guards your love thro’ ev’ry varying clime,
That stretches out its hand, when tempests howl,
And gives new courage to his dauntless soul ;
That guides him safely o’er the white-foam’d waves,
And from impending dangers hourly saves.
To this kind providence resign your fears,
Nor give too much indulgence to your tears.
Repress them bravely, when they wish to start,
And throw the man’s into the woman’s heart.

But ah ! why thus do I advise ? My own
Has but too often too much weakness shewn.
Accustom’d long to droop, and long to sigh,
And now not one indulgent cheerer nigh,

In sorrow pass too many of my days,
And seldom breaks one joyful gleam of ease.

But let me drop this melancholy strain :
I would not give your heart a moment's pain,
'Tis not in friendship to contract the brow,
Where warmest wishes should for ever glow.
And may I, to one purport still inclin'd,
Be leaning friendly to all human kind,
Without revenge or enmity to those
Who, without reason, chuse to be my foes ;
With sensibility, warm and sincere,
For whom my gratitude pours forth a pray'r.

Here let me pause, and to your heart appeal,
For you, like me, a gen'rous office feel,
Let it instruct me, in the nearest way,
Your many obligations to repay.
Much do I long to you the thoughts t' impart,
That hold possession of my inmost heart ;
Warm, as e'er yet were foster'd in a breast,
Are those I wish to be to you express'd.
Whilst in the country, free from noise, you stray,
And chearful round you, your sweet infants play,
Oh ! be you blest'd, as I was once of yore !
Tho' doom'd, alas ! to be so blest'd no more.
May my dear friend ne'er meet tempestuous gales !
Soft be the breath that swells his jutting sails !

E c

In

In safety may he see his fav'rite shores,
 And to his bosom press what he adores !
 May health and spirits bless his soul's delight,
 Revive each day, and cheer up ev'ry night !
 With patient thoughts be his long absence borne,
 And sweetest hopes expect his safe return.

How do I wish to run the blessings o'er,
 Which heav'n, I hope, has in its bounteous store
 Destin'd to pour on her, who feels for me,
 Whose friendship smooths my harder destiny.
 Oh ! kindly show'r them down, in thy good will,
 And her lov'd heart with ev'ry virtue fill !
 Watch o'er her partner, as the deep he plows,
 And hear her anxious wishes, and her vows !
 May angels bear them to thy throne on high,
 And on her may'st thou smile eternal joy !
 Oh ! may they all, for whom I pour my pray'r,
 Deserve, and meet, thy providential care !

EPISTLE VI.

T O

Miss S——R.

THE poor bard of Haighton, good madam,
presents

From his heart, most sincerely, his best compliments
To your mother, your sister, your uncle, and you,
And to the young lady from Liverpool too.

She'll not be displeas'd, tho' she brings up the rear,
For ungrateful, I'm sure, I should blush to appear;
And with candour and pleasure I ever shall own
That many a favour from hers I have known.

And if I thus solemnly say it to you,
I'm assur'd you'll believe my assertions are true :

For let others form what opinions they chuse,
So attracted you've been with my rustical muse,
That, thro' thick and thin, you'll declare it unjust,
For one single moment, my truth to mistrust.

And if you're hard push'd, thus you'll modestly say,
" 'Tis his hobby, poor fellow, then give him his way,

E e 2

" He

“ He means no offence, for his heart’s too sincere,
 “ When at friendship’s sweet altar he breathes out
 his pray’r.

“ Then leave him at rest, for his wishes are kind—
 “ From malevolence, therefore, protection should
 find.”

’Tis thus that you’ll plead, when you shelter my
 name,

And thus may I bid all defiance to fame ;
 For when I’m protected, what have I to fear,
 When mild sensibility’s pleadings they hear ?
 Oh ! were you the critic my lines to peruse,
 Immortal would be the Haightonian muse ;
 For still on her brows the green laurel should shine,
 Where kindness and pity the chaplet entwine.

But a truce to these compliments—yet they’re
 sincere.

I have heard you were ill, and have offer’d a pray’r
 (’Tis true that its poor) that good heaven would
 please

To spread o’er your sickness the blessings of ease.
 Then let me enquire how your health is to-day :
 Can you sleep well, and eat well ? Each circum-
 stance pray

Be so good as to mention.—I swear, as a friend,
 Not one will be happier to know that you mend,

I mean

I mean in your health, for your goodness is such,
That should you improve there, it cannot be much.
Poh, nonsense! you'll say.—Well, but don't let this
strain

Enforce you to frown, or in earnest complain;
For pity it were, that so trifling a quill,
Where it cannot do good, should create any ill.
Yes, madam, I vow, not a frown shall be seen
From the top of your brow to the tip of your chin.
With the blush of the rose should your cheeks be
o'erspread,

In the name of pure friendship, still hold up your
head,

Nor awkwardly smother the half-angry smile,
Tho' the company titter and chink all the while.
If you'll but recollect whence the blushes arise,
You'll be, take my word for't, good natur'd and wise.
Allow me my hobby, call'd scribbling, to ride,
And your laugh at my clumsy unskilfulness hide.

To-day, if I could but with many prevail,
I would visit your cottage, and taste of your ale;
For your uncle, to tempt me, declares it is fine,
As Cogniac strong, clear as amber or wine:
Besides 'tis new broach'd, near, of consequence, full,
'Twill enliven my spirits, he says, if they're dull.
How tempting is this, with a warm, easy chair,
And a pipe, out of which I could puff away care.

Yet

Yet think not from hence that I'm tempted by
liquor

To plague my few friends with my visits the quicker;
No; may I be hung in terrorem, good madam,
If all the nice ale, since the days of old Adam,
Should entice me with freedom to enter a house,
For whose owner's kind friendship I car'd not a soule.
Nay more—e'er I'd put on the smile of a day,
I would soften my crust in a puddle of clay.

But enough. I have said, in a few lines before,
That I wish'd to have rapp'd, as this day, at your
door,

But in vain do I plead, not a foot will she stir,
This miry Cow-Hill is too dirty for her;
Tho' your uncle well knows she is furnish'd with
clogs

Stout enough, in all conscience, to bear her thro'
bogs.

Then next she declares that the weather's so wet,
She's afraid lest some troublesome cold she may get;
Besides, there's no moon, and the days are so short,
That her stay can be little, and little her sport.
For as soon as you've greeted,—“ Well, how do
you do ? ”

“ I'm better, I thank you.”—“ Pray, ma'am, how
are you ? ”

A plan

A plan of hostilities quickly is laid,
 And all the attendants in order array'd.
 Kings, queens, rogues, and troopers, in all fifty-two,
 In red and black squadrons, are next brought in view.
 Two commanders on each side are then chosen out,
 Whilst the squadrons are mixing and wheeling about;
 And, as each is by honour and glory inspir'd,
 Draw by lot from what side the first gun must be
 fir'd.

The leaders now rang'd, and their plans all unknown,

Strict silence commands, that not even a frown
 Shall discover their schemes, 'till the battle be o'er,
 And the victors and vanquish'd can rally no more.
 And now as they march they the squadrons divide,
 Some weaker, some stronger, as chance may decide,
 And from time immemorial 't has e'er been decreed,
 That the troopers of that which comes last shall succeed,

Unless when stern fate shall be pleas'd to ordain
 That in opposite ranks they shall meet on the plain.
 But see a dread pause, now in silence, takes place,
 Each eager for honour, and fearing disgrace;
 When forth from the left some few troopers advance,
 Who cast on their foes, with defiance, a glance;
 These with caution come out, but their numbers
 they spare,

In some future attack of full glory to share.

The

The friends of the first now with ardour rush on,
 From whose spirit the skirmish is frequently won;
 Or, if they're subdu'd, their antagonist owns
 For his loss that this conquest but poorly atones.
 Now the battle grows warm, yet no side is dismay'd,
 Tho' kings, rogues, and privates, together are laid,
 Nay, queens even suffer, so deadly's the rage
 With which the opponents together engage;
 For, e'er they desist, ev'ry champion is slain,
 And in heaps of dread triumph are spread o'er the
 plain;
 From the number of these they their victory count,
 And the leaders exult in the greatest amount.

But of fighting no more, there is blood enough
 shed,
 And in peace rest the troopers, as now they're all
 dead.
 And if your good uncle should happen to peep
 Whilst this you're perusing, or you fall asleep;
 In a few simple words I must tell you, most truly,
 The lean colt I ride is sometimes so unruly,
 That, spite of myself, I am hurry'd so fast,
 I gallop as if I were riding my last;
 That dish dash I go, so devoid of all care,
 That, were you to see me, astonish'd you'd stare,

Nay

Nay to scamper away from my sight would be glad,
And with pity sigh out,—“ The poor creature’s
gone mad.”

Now don’t be affronted, for Mary protests
(But you’ll perhaps say, oh ! I’m sure she but jests)
She thinks that my brains are derang’d—out of
tune—

And the time she observes most, the new and full
moon.

Then do condescend to a crazy-brain’d poet,
To give some allowance, and pray let him know it;
’Twill afford him some comfort, have this in your
view ;

And this spur, he’s assur’d, is sufficient for you.
And now to conclude, from his bosom he sends
His heartiest best wishes to all his good friends,
Who, sequester’d from folly, in G——h Lane dwell,
And whose kindness will pardon this poor bagatelle.

P. S.

These women ! good gracious ! what creatures
they are !

Their whims are enough to make any man swear !
I would sooner be bound—but, Lord ! what am I
saying ?

Irresistible they are when they’re begging and pray-
ing ;

F f

And

And this postscript will prove that man's struggles
are vain,

When these gems of creation or coax or complain.
Would you think it?—As soon as my letter was
clos'd,

Over which I've no doubt but you often have dos'd,
Our sister comes in, takes it up to peruse,

And a freedom like this I shall never refuse,

(For the soundest best critic Moliere could desire,
Was the honest old woman that made him his fire)

But scarce had she finish'd, when down it was thrown,
And instead of applause—why I met with a frown.

“What's the matter, said I, you don't like it, I see,

“You're not surely displeas'd that my pen is so free.”

“I think you might well (she reply'd in a pet)

“Have told poor Miss S——r I did not forget

“My wishes, yes, sir, and my best wishes too,

“Perhaps she will think them more honest and
true

“Than yours, tho' I cannot write verses like you.”

“Poh! sister, said I, such a trifle ne'er mind,

“She's assur'd that your wishes will always be kind,

“Besides, of my lines 'twould have broken the
thread”—

“No matter, said she, had it broken your head.”

The affair now grew serious, I scratch'd and I felt,
But fortune, more kind, not one fracture has dealt.

Well

Well pleas'd as I was then to find my skull whole,
I promis'd to give you the thoughts of her soul;
And whilst she thus spoke, with my pen in my hand
In silence I sat to receive her command.

“ Dear Miss S——r, I wonder my brother could
spin

“ Such a long web of nonsense, and not bring me in,
“ Except about weather, rain, Cow-Hill, and bogs,
“ And besides he has told you a fib—I've no clogs.
“ I begg'd and I pray'd, but entreaties were lost,
“ For, full of his subject, he would not be cross'd.
“ But he now condescends, e'er his letter leaves home,
“ In a poor nasty postscript to give me some room,
“ You'll therefore accept of my wishes, tho' late,
“ And I hope they'll not come, as things are, out
of date.

“ In your sickness, sincerely, dear madam, I shar'd,
“ And your fever's dread crisis I anxiously fear'd.
“ By your uncle, this week, I'd the pleasure to know
“ That your spirits began in their old course to flow.
“ Long may they continue in calmness to run,
“ And bright be the rays of your long shining sun!
“ In a few days, I hope, if the weather prove better,
“ To say more kind things than I can in a letter.
“ 'Till then I present my respects to each friend,
“ And pray that bless'd health on your days may
attend.”

M. M.

Nov. 9, 1787.

F f 2

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

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N

ADDRESS TO THE MUSES.

A TRUANT in your service long,
 Once more presents you with a song,
 Tho' rather trembling lest his lays
 Will meet with neither blame nor praise.
 I'm much perplex'd, I frankly own,
 Lest you, fair dames, should chance to frown,
 And all unite, yes all, nem. con.
 That without aid I should write on.
 Should this resolve 'mongst you take place,
 'Twill be in vain to shun disgrace ;
 For when you turn your backs, no poet
 Can write with vigour, and you know it.
 Now could I catch some beauteous thought,
 With elegance and spirit fraught,
 Or coax you in Homeric style—
 But here, I see, you turn and smile ;
 I own my folly, may I then
 But wish to hold some modern pen,
 With Mason's vigour, Harley's ease :
 (I only wish indeed to please)
 Or Cowper's animated quill,
 Who cannot, if he would, write ill ;

Or

Or Peter Pindar's lashing feather,
 That stings and laughter blends together;
 (Yet no, I would not use that style,
 For, tho' 'tis witty—'tis too vile)
 Or let me plaintive Shawe pursue,
 Nay, Hammond's gentler strains will do.—
 "Tut, tut," I hear you all cry out,
 "You're quite mistaken in your rout.
 "The modern bards, you chuse to name,
 "Are seated on the throne of fame.
 "Mistaken too, if you propose
 "To imitate or these, or those
 "Who wrote of yore, with manly wit—
 "Their turns and points you'll never hit.
 "If still you wish tow'rds us to stray,
 "You must attempt a narrower way;
 "Along the vale you'd better creep,
 "Writers are there allow'd to sleep;
 "And as they never soar too high,
 "Their errors seldom we descry;
 "For, holding still one medium way,
 "They travel on, from day to day,
 "Poor harmless souls, not wishing ill,
 "But longing to approach the rill
 "That oozes down, with eager haste
 "They pant its weaken'd stream to taste."

I bow submissive, ladies fair,
 But ere my brow's o'erspread with care,
 Ere you have barr'd each private gate,
 Let me slip by, I'll take no state.
 Thro' dreary shades I'll steal along,
 And never meet the tuneful throng.
 I'll seek some plaintive bird, and he
 Shall join my simple melody.
 A daisy now and then I'll steal,
 And sometimes to the night appeal,
 When sober quiet locks the eye,
 And throws her mantle o'er the sky.
 In arched shades sequester'd far,
 I will not sing of broils or war ;
 No ins or outs will I expose,
 In canting rhymes or drawling prose,
 Nor pry into the heart of man,
 But seriously my own I'll scan ;
 Should but one bud of virtue form,
 I'll strive to screen it from the storm
 That pride or thoughtlessness may raise,
 Nor water it with hopes of praise.
 Domestic thoughts my pen shall guide,
 And surely you will ne'er deride
 The social virtues of the mind,
 That wish to bless all human kind.
 Then gently give me leave to stray
 Thro' some obscure, but easy way,

G g

That

That let's me, at a distance, view
 The lofty hill, climb'd but by few.
 No turgid lines shall make you fret,
 With pompous words or thoughts beset,
 Where much is said, but nothing meant,
 Whose empty froth is quickly spent.
 No ; as I hate all noise and riot,
 Not one, than I, shall be more quiet.
 Should candid critics sometimes praise
 The good intent that form'd my lays,
 'Twill be enough to know my plan
 Had wish'd to serve my brother man ;
 For, on my word, whate'er his hue,
 I'll give to ev'ry one his due.
 From Nova Zembla to the Cape,
 A man, to me, has human shape,
 Nor do I care whate'er his die,
 On him I'll cast a friendly eye,
 Espouse his cause, trace out his grief,
 And snatch my pen to give relief,
 My warmth assert, where'er I can,
 Nor blush to be revil'd by man.
 For as I wish t' employ my time
 In coupling, now and then, a rhyme,
 Whate'er defects be in my heart,
 'Twill greater joy to me impart
 If candour own my good design,
 Tho' roughly runs the feeble line,

Than

Than were I told that Pindar's fire
 Had warm'd my animated lyre,
 But that, all virtue thrown aside,
 I did the good and great deride.

Then help me with your friendly aid,
 And tho' a bungler in the trade,
 Assist me now and then to rise,
 And make an effort tow'ards the skies :
 But if you think it too much trouble
 To bear aloft the fragile bubble,
 Detach one of your maids of honour,
 I'll not lay violent hands upon her,
 But wait, with patience, 'till she chuse
 To personate a minor muse,
 And, listening to her inspiration,
 With thanks receive your deputation.

The HUNTED DEER.

A FABLE.

WHEN fortune shines on better days,
 Mankind will flatter us with praise,
 But when the smiling hours are o'er
 Cool shyness locks our neighbour's door,
 And all the wretched man will shun,
 Whom disappointments have undone.

A deer, the humblest of the herd,
 Who long his branching horns had rear'd,
 Not proudly high, nor meanly low,
 Contented, where desir'd, to go,
 Who oft the eager pack had foil'd,
 And in the chase had often toil'd,
 Was once more chosen from the rest,
 The scenting dogs laid on the quest.
 Tho' verging tow'rs declining age,
 Yet still he hopes t' elude their rage,
 And, scouring on with nimblest fear,
 Left all the pack far in the rear.

O'er

O'er open fields he bounding flew,
 And scarcely brush'd the morning dew :
 The noise at length he hears no more,
 And thinks the chase again is o'er.
 Awhile he rests, but soon the wind
 Declares the hounds not far behind.
 Now off again he swiftly goes,
 And at a distance leaves his foes :
 But by degrees his strength he feels
 Begins to fail, and at his heels
 He hears the pack, or thinks he hears,
 Brought nearer by his tim'rous fears.
 He stops a while to pant for breath,
 (Poor victim of approaching death !)
 And, willing to prolong his days,
 He casts about, and thus he says :
 " Tho' hard pursu'd, I yet may gain
 " My former herd, and there complain ;
 " They'll surely rise, their friend to save,
 " And to protect him from the grave."

Now, buoy'd with hopes, he takes a turn,
 And swiftly scours along the bourne :
 At length his well-known pastures rise,
 And glad his aged, weeping eyes.
 With tott'ring steps he pushes on,
 Tho' all his strength is nearly gone,

And

And begs for shelter, but in vain—
 Not one of all the kindred train
 Vouchsafes to hear his piteous tale,
 Tho' death approaches in each gale.
 His face, o'erspread with silent grief,
 His dropping tears—all claim relief—
 But fruitless his entreaties prove,
 With those devoid of friendly love.

“ Go, get thee hence, rash victim, fly,
 “ And come not here to faint and die.”

“ Ah ! if sweet pity yet reside
 “ Within your breasts, ah ! let me hide,
 “ And in these woods my body lay,
 “ While you may keep the pack at bay.
 “ For you I've done some friendly deeds
 “ Then pity my poor heart that bleeds.
 “ Oh ! give me succour, ere too late,
 “ And for a time ward off my fate.
 “ This office kind, if you'll perform,
 “ And screen me from the gath'ring storm,
 “ If I survive, I will repay
 “ Your goodness on some future day.”

Here ceas'd the broken-hearted deer,
 But spoke his anguish in a tear

That

That dropp'd, with firmness, from his eyes,
 Whilst all his hopes were chok'd in sighs.

But, hark ! the dogs are near at hand,
 And all the herd has made a stand ;
 In vain to break their ranks he strives,
 And but a moment he survives.
 With something scornful in his look,
 (For all his patience scarce can brook
 The treatment of his quondam friends)
 Once more his feeble speed he mends ;
 But where to run, or where to wind,
 Or where some shelter he may find,
 He little knows.—Experience tells
 That pity no where near him dwells.
 At length he quits the open ground,
 And, press'd by many a following hound,
 He tow'rs a cottage low, but neat,
 Drags his worn limbs ; there a retreat
 He hopes to find, and there, in peace,
 That all his woes, at last, will cease.

Close by the door, in fragrant air,
 A maiden sat, unknown to care ;
 Amongst the happiest, happiest she,
 Her soul from ev'ry vice was free :
 Gaily she wrought the livelong day,
 And tun'd her artless roundelay ;

In

In ev'ry feature of her face
 The traits of pity you might trace,
 And, did it e'er on earth abide,
 'Twas here 't had chosen to reside.
 Sprightly she turn'd her wheel, when, lo !
 Something she hears in anguish blow,
 And 'twas enough for her to hear.
 Quickly she quits her wheel with fear,
 When the poor animal drew nigh—
 She saw his tears—she heard him sigh—
 With quiv'ring nerves he tow'rd's her crawls,
 And fainting at her feet he falls.

Oh ! couldst thou chuse a better spot ?
 Milder at least will be thy lot ;
 One pitying tear for thee shall flow,
 And in thy death one friend thou'lt know !

Trembling, for aid she quickly flies,
 While the poor Deer expiring lies,
 And meets his fast approaching end,
 Deserted by each specious friend.
 But see ! she comes, and drawing near,
 She gazes on the falling tear,
 Hers drops, in torrents, from her eyes,
 And thus instinctively she cries.

“ Unhappy

" Unhappy wretch, what is thy doom,
 " That here for refuge thou art come !
 " Oh ! could I but the scent destroy
 " Of the loud pack, that is so nigh,
 " From me thou daily should'st be fed,
 " I'd give thee freely half my bread ;
 " Protected thou should'st live with me,
 " From rav'nous hounds and terrors free."

While thus she spoke, his looks proclaim'd
 Such thoughts as would have men asham'd :
 Departing resignation mild,
 And gratitude that would have smil'd,
 Had he not felt a deathly dart,
 Whose barbed point stuck in his heart.

But, hark ! the merc'less pack is near,
 And with loud cries surround the Deer.
 The friend of pity waves her hand—
 The huntsman calls—at his command
 The dogs impatient quit their prey,
 (For even blood-hounds can obey,
 When the poor victim is destroy'd,
 In whose pursuit their rage is cloy'd).
 The hunters now, oppress'd with toil,
 Come in, and smiling rest a while,
 Tho', by the clam'rous troop surrounded,
 The dying Deer afresh is wounded.

H h

But

But see, he breathes his last in peace,
And all his troubles now will cease.
His livid lips compassion eyes,
And thus, 'midst streaming tears, she cries :

“ Call off these dogs, nor let them tear
“ The carcase of this friendless Deer.
“ Are they not fated, thirsty hounds ?
“ To greediness are there no bounds ?
“ His life, to him by heav'n bestow'd,
“ Has been tow'rd's grief a constant road,
“ Long have they, with relentless rage,
“ Sunk him, before his time, to age ;
“ Long have they mark'd him as their prey,
“ And hard have chas'd him many a day.
“ But now, at length, too closely press'd,
“ He falls, and all his foes may rest.
“ If such a one as I may dare
“ To ask a boon, oh ! pray ye, spare
“ All further rancour, now he's dead,
“ I will take care to see him laid,
“ Unmangled, near this spreading yew,
“ Where nettles ne'er shall grow, nor rue,
“ But where I'll plant a cypress tree,
“ To mourn, poor, hapless Deer, for thee.”

Silent the hunters bow'd consent,
And pensively from pleasure went.

True

True to her word, the cypress grows,
 And here and there a pale-blown rose :
 And often, at the close of eve,
 His poor remains a tear receive,
 Which pity drops, not telling why,
 And heaves a deep, imbosom'd sigh.

Peruse the tale, the moral's clear,
 And who the Pack, and who the Deer ;
 The keen and eager Hunters those
 Who are from thoughtlessness his foes :
 Full many a chase has he withstood,
 And long has sharply been pursu'd.
 Weary'd at last, he'll cease to sigh,
 And only wish in peace to die.
 When he is lock'd in lasting sleep,
 Some friend, perhaps, his fate will weep.
 And, like the pitying maid, will turn
 The breath of malice from his urn.

EPILOGUE

IN THE

CHARACTER OF A JOCKEY.

THUS booted and spurr'd, with my whip in
my hand,

I'm ready to mount on my nag at the stand ;
I'm in excellent spirits, brisk, nimble, and tight,
Not one ounce too heavy, nor one dram too light.
Now Off is the word, and away we all start,
And the gazers all cry, *See that rider, how smart !*
Huzza ! all the rabble shout out, *That's my lad,*
Whilst we're whipping, and spurring, and wrig-
gling, like mad.

The distance-chair pass'd, we're at what we can do,
And the sportsmen are betting on black, red, or blue.
But see the flag drops, and the winner comes in,
Amidst the applause of a thundering din.

As the race is now o'er, and the wagers all paid,
And as I'm rather expert in the jockeying trade,
I'll

I'll give you a list, if you please, of some horses
 That start ev'ry day o'er a million of courses.
 For all men are jockies—and all ladies too—
 Nay, pray do not frown, for I'll soon prove it true :
 My Lord and my Lady, Sal, William, and Bobby,
 And the horse they all ride on is yclep'd a Hobby,
 Tho' various its surnames, as fancy may chuse,
 For what disgusts one, may another amuse.

The Man of the World mounts on Pension or
 Place,
 Thosometimes he's distanc'd, and thrown in disgrace.
 The Author whips Profit; the Soldier starts Glory,
 And his feats are recorded in many a story,
 Whether conq'ring, or conquer'd, his honour's the
 same,
 For a gallant old foldier's the subject of fame.
 The brave English Tar mounts on Billow and Wave,
 And sometimes guides Battle his country to save;
 He starts without trembling, and to it he goes
 Slap dash, with a vengeance, and beats all his foes.
 The Farmer drives Plough, and his Landlord spurs
 Rent,
 And the former oft jogs on a horse call'd Content.
 The Merchant and Tradesman, with credit, sweat
 Gain,
 And seldom are seen with a check on the rein ;

They

They ride at full speed, tho' with caution and care,
 And the poor are allow'd in their winnings to share.
 The Miser's sole Hobby is look'd on as trash,
 And the sluggish old mare is call'd Money or Cash;
 Tho' daily she's fed, she's too gross to be good,
 And he trembles to part with a pound of her blood.
 The Doctor sooths Sickness; the Surgeon trains
 Bruises;

The Lawyer spurs Faction, and she seldom loses,
 She's an excellent nag, gains him purses on purses,
 And the Losers 'tis doubtful decamp oft on Curses.
 Yet many there are, who, with justest applause,
 Sit firm on Discretion, and Conscience, and Laws.
 The Ladies shew Fashion, oft changing its name,
 Tho' still in reality always the same;
 For tho' various the terms of Cap, Bonnet, or Hat,
 Balloon or Lunardi, by way of chit chat.
 Shawls, Handkerchiefs, Tuckers, an Undress or
 Full,

Still Fashion's the Hobby that gives them a pull.
 But then each fair Dame has a stud of her own,
 Which, to Old England's honour, has ever been
 shewn,

And now shines with new lustre when Rank leads
 the way,

Whose wishes maternal all strive to obey.
 With these they ne'er sport; but when objects invite
 They'll mount them with joy, to give others delight.
 Their

Their names are Humility, Pity, Relief,
 Benevolence, Candour, and Kindness in chief;
 Their attendant is Virtue, Compassion their guide,
 When on these on a visit to others they ride.

Our Poet, poor man, mounts a ticklish creature,
 Not one moment alike in its unsteady nature;
 I too mount the same, and am often in danger
 Of being thrown off, tho' I'm not such a stranger,
 But if you'll condescend just to pat her and sooth
 her,

I'll venture to tell you her pace will be smoother;
 Your strokes you'll scarce think how they'll make
 our hearts jump,

Which now, as we're tott'ring—O dear! how they
 bump.

Then pray don't unhorse us in this situation,
 For the Hobby we manage—is your *Approbation*.

THE
ENGLISH FARMER.

I

THREE blest'd is he, who, free from care,
Who from ambitious soarings free,
Who, when his rent is paid, can spare
Relief to humbler poverty !
No deep corroding thoughts invade
The chearful quiet of his breast,
No sacrifice of peace is made
To rob him of unruffled rest.

II

Ye wise philosophers, who muse
To give great nature's secrets birth,
'Twixt him and you, were I to chuse,
I should prefer his latent worth.
Not that I deem your studies vain,
That tend t' inform the searching mind,
But that I see a smiling train
Of joys attend—tho' not refin'd.

III

Nature in simplest dress appears,
 And wears the smile that first she wore ;
 No sorrow's seen, nor trac'd are fears,
 Enough he knows, nor covets more ;
 His good forefathers steps pursues,
 Like them improves his farm, and smiles ;
 Pension or place ne'er reach his views,
 But moderate gain his toil beguiles.

IV

Amongst his friends he cracks his jokes,
 When winter nights are bleak and long ;
 They hear, and praise his witty-strokes,
 And intermix some fav'rite song.
 Tho' joyous souls, ne'er push the glass
 Of dire, insulive, poisonous kind,
 A friendly cup he always has,
 Offer'd from heart sincere and kind.

V

Whilst all around in silence sit,
 To hear the tales of ancient lore,
 And list'ning praise the teller's wit,
 Tho' heard a thousand times before ;
 A crackling fire the hours deceive,
 Unfelt's the frost, unheard's the wind,

And chearful looks their cares relieve,
And social joys unbend each mind.

VI

His country's foes when Rodney fought,
Resolv'd to conquer or to die ;
When brave Cornwallis laurels fought,
From numbers never known to fly ;
When Hood out-schem'd, when Tarleton came,
Rush'd on, and vanquish'd as he flew ;
When with his soldiers Elliott's fame,
Applause from ev'ry nation drew :

VII

Then was his bosom nobly fir'd ;
Then did he listen to the tale ;
Then was each hero prais'd, admir'd,
Then vict'ry echo'd thro' the dale.
The smile of happiness then glow'd
Upon his chearful, ruddy face,
And from his soul those transports flow'd,
That give obscurity a grace.

VIII

Smile not, ye men of pompous state,
If thus a rustic I describe ;
He murmurs not that you are great,
Nor would your wealth his bosom bribe

To

To quit the oak's luxuriant shade,
 And from his peaceful farm retire ;
 Where, often musing in the glade,
 He learn'd all nature to admire.

IX

Be ye employ'd in that one round
 That limits all your fancy'd joys ;
 Be ye enliven'd with the sound
 Of swelling notes, and tuneful noise :
 More harmony each day he hears
 From songsters, warbling in his trees ;
 More chearful music glads his ears,
 Sprightly and gay—and free from fees.

X

Be ye enchanted, on the stage,
 With wond'rous Siddons' magic art,
 With Kemble's energy and rage,
 That strike and captivate the heart :
 Let Jordan romp, and Brunton frown,
 Let Edwin look with vacant stare,
 Let Quick be quaint to please the town—
 My honest farmer will not care.

XI

Not yet is he grown so refin'd
 To seek for pleasure 'bove his state ;

His greatest wish—a peaceful mind—
 He leaves these follies to the great.
 No heavy loads of luscious food
 His chearful health does not destroy;
 No heating wines, that taint the blood,
 His appetite will ever cloy.

XII

Think not, ye rich, the poet blames
 The sphere in which you're born to move—
 Support the honours of your names,
 And live with dignity and love.
 May each respect be paid to you—
 It ever shall, at least, by me.
 To higher ranks respect is due—
 Of civil duties the decree.

XIII

But let the English Farmer meet
 (Where liberty should ever smile)
 With kind attention from the great,
 Who live by his industrious toil,
 Point out the foreign nation, where
 The honest rustic lives like he,
 Where he can justly say—" I share
 " The full extent of liberty."

Hail !

XIV

Hail ! then, my fav'rite, native isle,
 For sciences as much renown'd,
 As for the tillage of thy soil,
 With wonderful improvements crown'd :
 As much for arts, which long have claim'd
 Attention from the nations round ;
 As much for social virtues fam'd—
 Virtues in ev'ry station found.

XV

Thy merchants live in princely stile,
 Diffusing wealth from shore to shore :
 Thy manufactories all smile,
 And flourish daily more and more.
 Commerce and trade their influence spread,
 And add increase unto thy wealth ;
 Yet all by rural toils are fed,
 And owe to them their means of health.

XVI

Be then my neighbour in the class
 Of plain but useful merit plac'd,
 Contented with his lot, he'll pass
 In strict review, nor be disgrac'd.
 His rustic dress his sense proclaims,
 And honesty begirds his brows :

His

His actions just, he never shames—
His face no tints of blushing knows.

XVII

Upright his heart, above disguise,
He scorns all mean and low deceit :
Sincerity beams in his eyes,
And purest virtues on him wait.
This should each English Farmer be,
These are the merits he should boast ;
And, if from higher vices free,
Be English Husbandmen my toast.

G I B R A L T E R.

I

ON *Calpe's* high rock, capp'd with light'ning
and thunder,
See *Eliott's* brave troops fill the wide world with
wonder :
From their death-pouring tubes a whole fleet's in
a blaze,
And the vanquish'd look on with a stupid amaze.

2

On the hills all around see what thousands are
spread,
With hopes of sure conquest their vanity fed,
But ah ! they're deceiv'd, Britain's colours still fly,
And a fleet stil'd invincible boldly defy.

3

The business so vaunted is now nobly o'er,
And the wretched, in vain, call for help from the
shore ;
Their friends all forsake them, and they're doom'd
a prey
To the wide spreading flames, or the merciless sea.

4

But see who advances, assistance to lend,
 'Tis *Curtis*, 'tis *Curtis*, humanity's friend,
 He drags them from death, whom his arms lately
 fought,
 And a wreath from true merit 'midst dangers he
 fought.

5

He found it, huzza ! From the depth of the main
Britannia arose, and the *Genius of Spain*
 United for once, and the hero they crown'd,
 Not less for compassion than courage renown'd.

6

Britannia then hasten'd her darling to find,
 Watchful *Eliott*, the wonder and praise of mankind.
 " You've no need of laurels," exulting she cry'd,
 " For fame's loudest trumpet is heard far and wide.

7

" On this batter'd rock see her standard's display'd,
 " On her wings thro' the world your defence is convey'd,
 " In the records of time 'tis a solemn decree
 " That the name of my *Eliott* immortal shall be.

“ Nor less to thy conduct’s decreed, gallant *Boyd*,
 “ To the soldiers who vanquish’d, or heroes who
 dy’d,
 “ For thro’ ages to come each true Briton shall tell
 “ How bravely you conquer’d, how nobly they fell.

THE
STAR OF SWEET HOPE.

I

THESE sighs, my dear Polly, I pray thee
 forbear,
 Nor wound my swell'd heart with this silent, soft
 tear;
 I'm bound to the sea, and must leave thee, 'tis true,
 And thou tremblest to hear this my last, fond adieu;
 But reflect, my sweet girl, when thy fears chance to
 rise,
 That kind Providence guides ev'ry change in the
 skies;
 But entrust me to it, when I'm far from thy sight,
 And the *Star of sweet Hope* shall gleam o'er the
 long night.

2

When our ship rolls along, tho' the billows may roar,
 My thoughts shall be ever with thee on the shore;
 While I think on my Poll, ev'ry storm will I brave,
 And undaunted behold the white mountainous wave;
 When I'm rocking aloft on the yards to and fro,
 And view the wide hollow that stretches below,
 To Providence trusting, when far from thy sight,
 The *Star of sweet Hope*, &c.

3 When

3

When tempests rage round, and wild hurricanes
howl,

And dangers appal e'en the seaman's firm soul,
I'll think, tho' thou'rt absent, thy wishes are near,
And for thy sake, my Polly, I'll scorn ev'ry fear,
And while we are mounting, or sinking again,
I'll sing of thy charms, and they'll lull the wild main;
For to Providence trusting, when far from thy sight,
The *Star of sweet Hope*, &c.

4

Should storms e'er arise, think they will not reach
me,

And when the sun shines, think it shines o'er the sea;
Let the calmest of thoughts round thy bosom still
throng,

And when evening returns, count my absence less
long ;

But my lovely, dear Poll, tho' thy tears flow apace,
I must leave thee—and, as thy fond heart I embrace,
I give thee to Providence, while from my sight,
And the *Star of sweet Hope* shall gleam o'er the long
night.

T H E
P O O R M A N ' s P R A Y E R .

I.

FATHER, ador'd by all mankind,
Our God, our Lord, our patient friend,
Imprint thy precepts in my mind,
And guide me to my earthly end.

2

Let not base envy seize my soul ;
Let me be humble to the great ;
Each rising passion curb, controul,
Whilst resignation smoothes my state.

3

The frowns of fortune let me bear ;
Be thankful for each favour given ;
And, if I chance to shed a tear,
Still smile with gratitude to heaven.

4

Must I, because I'm poor, repine ?
My bounteous God ! forbid the thought,
And teach my will to yield to thine,
Whose blest example patience taught.

5 For

5

For ev'ry patron may I raise
 My humble soul in earnest prayer,
 That heav'n would bless him whom I praise,
 And, when he errs, his errors spare.

6

The faults of others let me hide,
 And pity those that go astray;
 Thankful if I myself can guide
 Thro' life's blind, dreary way.

7

Thus may my time be daily spent;
 May thy great will be still in view;
 And may I not too late repent,
 When this false world I bid adieu!

8

At morning's dawn may'st thou be prais'd,
 May ev'ry thought be given to thee!
 At night may ev'ry heart be rais'd
 To own and bless the ONE and THREE!

END of the FIRST VOLUME.

11 JA 69

ERRATA.

PAGE.	LINE.	FOR	READ
9	2		thine own
15	<i>last</i>	somthing	something
35	21	Its	A
40	8	bayes	bays
40	15	prfiede	preside
42	1	clean	dear
61	20	views	vows
64	5	seem'd	seems
69	2	aspine	aspen
82	13	fillemot	filemot
97	12	ftretch	stretch
99	22	fragrance	fragrancy
100	<i>last</i>	rail bank'd	rush-bank'd
109	11	from	form
121	5	theirs	their
134	15	ashes	actions
138	9	is	are
143	9	those	there
145	16	To think	So think
152	<i>last</i>	were	wast
156	2	supplications	supplication
161	6	enemies	armies
168	11	This	His
171	3	makes	make
178	16	<i>for</i> frown	<i>to</i> frown
203	15	<i>for</i> the	<i>to</i> the
207	13	friend	friends
212	7		for when <i>thus</i> I'm
213	16	many	Mary
214	7	e'er	ere
218	<i>last</i>	has	had
238	5	be	do
240	10	naeure's	nature's

11 JA 69

110